

Practical English

NOVEMBER 4, 1946 • A SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINE



BUSINESS LETTER WRITING (See page 5) ►

It happened in Colon...

*Based upon an actual letter in the Parker files



Crossroads of the world—arcaded Front Street, at the Caribbean entrance to the Panama Canal.



"FROM THE 15TH CENTURY—a genuine Ming vase," sings old Chen Ti in his high-pitched voice. His lean hands caress the lustrous surface. The customers nod knowingly. Chen Ti can read the eagerness in their eyes. In the quiet shop, time seems to stand still before the ancient treasure.



"CARLOS' SHIPMENT OF '51' PENS IS HERE!" A grinning face is poked through the doorway to shout the news in Spanish. Parker 51's are again available! The scurry of feet grows louder. Within the shop, the spell is broken. The Ming vase? "Perhaps another time," the prospects say as they join the crowd.



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Writes dry with wet ink

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Practical English

A National Magazine of English and the Communication Arts Designed for High School Students in General, Business, or Vocational Courses, Published Weekly During the School Year

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NOVEMBER 4, 1946

Only Beggars Grovel

BOB RUARK is a newspaper man. He writes a column which is printed in many newspapers. He's at his best when he gets "steamed up" about something he doesn't like. Recently he lashed out with bitter comments on a bad habit Americans picked up during the war — a habit that has grown worse since the war's end because of the scarcity of food and other things Americans need and desire. Mr. Ruark called his column "Groveling."

Let's listen in while Bob Ruark* talks: We have become downright shameless bootlickers, favor-curriers and seekers after the short cut by using bribery. Shortages have made us a nation of timid moochers who pay for the privilege of begging. This we are doing when our national income and employment are at an all-time peak.

The simple business of buying the daily fodder has become a shameful, sneaking game — almost like bootlegging. We engage in trickery, palm-greasing and other devices in order to buy the things we want. We fawn on the butcher and grocer for a piece of meat to eat, a handful of sugar, a hunk of butter, a bottle of milk. We give presents to the grocer in order to buy the right to pay him a profitable price for a commodity he sells to make a living.

Meat is in the backroom or under the counter, and "no" is the answer to one customer while Mrs. "Hep" orders sirloin over the phone and picks it up in a plain wrapper. Even during rationing, many people worked out methods of cheating on ration points, and hatched elaborate schemes to get more than their allotments.

Some persons openly bribe their way onto trains or into hotels. Some lavishly overtip, and are grovelingly servile to headwaiters and cab drivers. Our willingness to scatter coin and accept abuse has bred a whole generation of chiselers. The American storekeeper, in many fields, has become an involuntary dealer in illegal goods with the customer eager to help and thus double the crime. The black market is nothing but an offshoot of our personal greed and unscrupulousness. Somewhere we have mislaid an old and worthy American axiom that one man's dollar is no better than another's. We have lost our pride.

We, the people — the nice people, the sober people, the God-fearing people, the working people — are equally guilty with the profligates and the crooks. For we have made chiseling and bootlicking a national habit. Can we throw off this despicable habit, or is there no remedy until we are too broke to bribe, or until plentiful production forces the sellers to seek the buyer's favor?

Bob Ruark chose a good title — "Groveling" — for his attack on this unworthy American practice. For "grovel" means to creep with one's face to the ground, to crawl like a slave, to sink to a low condition, to cringe. Perhaps our heads *should* be bowed down in shame. But let's rise up. Let's stop trying to sneak more than our share. Let's renew our pride. For only beggars grovel.

* Mr Ruark's column appears in Scripps-Howard newspapers, and these excerpts are used through courtesy of United Features Syndicate. Because this is a digest, quotation marks have been omitted but most of the sentences are taken directly from Mr. Ruark's column.

ON OUR COVER: This secretary knows that her business is to dress neatly and to do her job pleasantly as well as efficiently. Note the simplicity of her clothes and hair-do. What boss wouldn't smile and say "Good-morning!" — Photo, Ewing Galloway, N. Y.



This is when you step in!

Step in close.

Watch the dog as he cuts his speed—slow-motions one foot in front of the other—freezes, pointing.

Keep your eye on the man pulling the gun to his shoulder—lining up the sights.

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Say What You Please!

... and that's what we mean! This letters column, which will be a regular feature in *Scholastic Magazines*, is open to opinion on any subject and criticism of any kind, brickbats or orchids. We want to know *what's on your mind*. Other readers do, too. Address Letters Editor, Scholastic Magazines, 220 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. — The Editors.

In "We Pick the Red Sox" (Sept. 30th) your Sports Editor said that not a Yankee batted .300 this season. He failed to notice that Aaron Robinson, the Yankee catcher, is batting .308.

Joseph Perry
Rome (N. Y.) Jr. H. S.

Says our Sports Editor: "When we wrote the article, Aaron was batting .304 and sinking fast. So we figured he'd drop under .300 by the end of the season. We were wrong. The unofficial final averages show that he hit an even .300—99 hits in 330 times at bat. It seems you can find a Yankee fan wherever you may Rome. That's a joke, Joe."

In "Are You Being Cheated?" (Sept. 30th Advanced English Edition of *Senior Scholastic*) you severely criticized Joyce Kilmer's "Trees." You asked readers to note that it is impossible for a tree to "look at God all day" if her mouth is "pressed against the earth's sweet flowing breast." What is so impossible about that? A tree's top certainly *does* look to God. (One thinks of God/as being in the heavens above the earth.) At the same time the tree's life-giving roots—or mouth—are pressed against the earth. It all seems perfectly logical to me.

I like your magazine very much, and I agree with you on almost everything but your taste in poetry.

Carol Taflinger
State H. S., Terre Haute, Ind.

Our Poetry Editor says: "The point was not that each image is in itself false, but that the images, when considered together, do not make a sensible picture. Of course, a tree's top can look upwards to God's heaven. But if, as Kilmer says, the tree's mouth is pressed against the earth, then the eye must be down there too. And hair, we know, grows from the head, so—the hair must be not far from eyes and mouth. Right? Somewhere around the base of the tree, I'd say. Just try to sketch a picture of the imagery in the poem!"

EVERY business letter is a personal call — by mail.

Because of time and distance you send a letter instead of yourself. But your letter must say more than "Hello!" It must tell *why* you're there and *what* you want — information, a favor, a sales order. If your letter fails to give all the necessary information, it won't get results!

Take the *Case of the Missing Link Letter* by Bill Foster, Central High's band manager.

Bill had promised to find out about chartering a bus to take the school band to a nearby town for a football game. Being a man of few words, Bill wrote to the main office of the bus company: "Please quote rates on chartering a bus from Mountain City to Lakeview."

Calling Philo Vance

The answer was courteous, but — well, here's what the company had to say in reply:

"If you will give us information about the number of passengers to be transported," wrote the bus company's traffic manager, "and whether the bus will be needed for a round trip or for one-way passage only, we shall be glad to quote a price. The cost will depend on the size of the bus needed and on the length of time it must wait in Lakeview if a return trip is desired. Also, we would like to know whether you will need accommodations for baggage, and the date for which transportation will be required. We have no buses free for a few dates next month."

Bill dug for information and tried again. While you're reading his second letter, see whether you can find the missing link (there is one) that makes this another mystery letter.



MAIL CALL

By Dorothy M. Johnson

"We shall need the bus on November 29 for not more than 28 passengers (and not less than 25) plus band instruments, including one bass drum. Passengers will be members of the Mountain City High School Band, which should arrive at Lake View High School gymnasium not later than 12:30 p.m. The return trip should leave Lakeview in time to reach Mountain City by 10 p.m."

Now what's the missing link?

The answer is that Bill neglected to mention what on earth he was talking about. "The bus," he said.

"What bus?" puzzles the traffic manager. "We have a dozen buses!"

Bill should have referred to the previous correspondence concerning this matter. He could have done it with one sentence at the beginning of his letter — in any of these three ways:

1. "This letter refers to my inquiry about chartering a bus from Mountain City to Lakeview."

2. "Please see our previous correspondence regarding a special bus trip from Mountain City to Lakeview."

3. "This is in reply to your letter of October 4. I wrote to you on October 1 about chartering a bus."

With such information at hand, the traffic manager would have pulled the previous correspondence out of the file for an immediate reply.

More Information, Please

Letters that seem simply to ask for information are sometimes really requests for favors. Consider the case of Millie Purvis, who wanted to write a term paper about the founding of the town she lives in, Harrisville. The oldest industry in the town is the Harris Manufacturing Company. Millie blandly wrote the president: "Please give the history of your company and oblige, Yours truly, Mildred Purvis."

The president's secretary opened the letter and gasped "Good heavens!" Then she sent it on to the general manager.

The general manager raised his eyebrows, remarked, "Well, quite a tall order," and sent it to the advertising manager.

The advertising manager had other problems to worry about. He handed the letter to his secretary, saying, "See if you can find any old promotional material on the company's history — but don't bother much."

The secretary *didn't* bother much, so Millie never received any reply at all.

Millie was asking not just for information but for a favor. She probably would have received the information if she had asked for it specifically and courteously, this way:

"I am writing a term paper on the history of Harrisville, and it will not be complete without some facts about your company, which I understand is our oldest manufacturing plant. My instructor has suggested that I ask you for in-



formation. I shall appreciate receiving answers to these questions:

"1. When was the business founded and by whom?"

"2. Why did the founders choose Harrisville?"

"3. What products were first manufactured?"

"Other information would be very useful, too, particularly how the company has increased in size and how it has contributed to the growth of the town. Sincerely yours, Millie Purvis."

Whether the president himself answers this doesn't matter; somebody will, because of the potential good will involved and because the company is proud of its history. Answering will be easy, because the questions are direct and specific.

Incidentally, the "and oblige" ending of Millie's first letter is an old-fashioned phrase seldom used in modern letter

writing. The last sentence doesn't need to be tied up with the complimentary close. And "Yours truly" isn't good either; it's abrupt. "Yours very truly" or "Sincerely yours," or their variations are preferred by businessmen.

"No" — Firmly but Gently

Sometimes it's necessary to refuse information tactfully. Roy Turner, secretary of his class, received the following letter from someone he didn't know: "Please give me the names and home addresses of all the members of your class."

Roy knew the names, of course. But in order to find out the exact addresses he would have to consult the school records. Why, he wondered, did he get stuck with a thing like that? He asked his class adviser, Mrs. Murdock, what to do. She said, "I don't see why we should give this information. We don't know this person or why he wants such a list. Suppose you prepare a letter tactfully asking why he wants this information. Let me see your answer before you mail it," she added.

It was a good thing she added that last sentence because Roy got right to the point — yes, sir, *right to the point*. "I have your inquiry about a list of the students in my class," he wrote. "What do you want it for?"

The sponsor, on reading this masterpiece, said, "Ouch!" mentally and then pointed out to Roy that his reply wasn't tactful; it was blunt. A slap in the face, in fact. Roy's first sentence was all right, but Mrs. Murdock suggested the following tactful way of saying, "Tell us more."

"I am not permitted to give this information from the Principal's office, but if you will tell us the purpose for which you wish to use it, I will ask permission."

It's important not to seem grudging about giving information. Don't say, "It will be a lot of trouble to look up this material, but I will do it as soon as I have time."

Here's a gracious way to stall for time: "To collect the information you requested will require several days, but you will hear from us as soon as possible."

On the Beam

Some letters of inquiry require a letter of persuasion in reply — as, for example, when a business concern receives a request for information about merchandise it has for sale. Let's suppose that you have a part-time job in Joe's Radio and Electric Shop. Joe is a wizard with electrical appliances, but he would almost rather go out of business than answer his mail. So the "hired help" has to do it — and that's you. The

morning mail has brought this letter of inquiry:

"Dear Sir: We need a new radio because the old battery set is wore out and now we have the electric line out to the farm we want a radio that runs with electric. Our boy in Chicago can get us one for \$17.50 but we would rather trade with local merchants if price is no higher. Wish you would let us know what you have to offer and when you could send it out. Our place is two miles south of the Harkner School on Highway 41. Yours truly, Mrs. J. W. Ross."

This letter may strike you as being funny because of the mistakes in it. Your own letters, if written carelessly,



may seem just as amusing to other people. But in answering *any* letter be courteous.

Mrs. Ross is a prospective customer — in salesman's slang, "a hot prospect," because you know she's interested in buying. Joe has a radio for even less than \$17.50, but it's so small that it won't tune in stations more than a few miles away. He has a \$40 set that will tune in many more stations.

Your problem is to persuade Mrs. Ross that she wants a more expensive set than she has specified, because a cheap one will be a disappointment to her. Now let's answer her letter.

Dear Mrs. Ross:

We were very much interested in your letter about radios. We have a fine electric radio here in the shop that we think would be just right for you. (*Here you're looking out for the customer's interests — and you should.*) It will tune in all the major network stations, so you can enjoy Jack Benny, the Philharmonic concerts, Fibber McGee and Molly, Tom Breneman and all the other big programs. (*That's right; be spe-*

cific about the advantages you're offering the customer.)

(*Now you have her interested; it's time to break the bad news tactfully.*) This set, a handsome table-top model, sells at \$40. We know this is more than you had in mind, but you will get much more enjoyment from it because of its broad range. (*That's persuasion!*) We have a lower-priced set at \$15, which will bring in local stations only, but we believe you will want to get the big network programs, too. (*This is the positive approach; the negative — avoid it! — would be: "We have a cheap set at \$15 but it isn't a good buy, as it will get only local stations."*)

If you are going to be in town soon, we'll be glad to show you several fine sets. Or if you think, as we do, that the \$40 set would suit your requirements, we can send it out as soon as we hear from you. (*Now tell the customer just what you want her to do. If you don't tell her, she isn't likely to do it. This "urge to action" in a sales letter is known as the clincher.*) Just drop us a card or phone us (*Make it sound easy!*) and we'll send the radio out on the next truck.

(*Don't miss a trick. Mrs. Ross has just had electricity installed; you can probably sell her more than a radio.*) We have a large selection of electric appliances that make housekeeping more enjoyable — electric irons, washing machines, percolators, toasters, heaters and many others. We'll be glad to demonstrate any of these next time you come in.

Yours very truly,

ROBERT BROWN

Joe's Radio and Electric Shop

Help Wanted

All letters of persuasion have one purpose: to talk somebody into taking definite action. This radio letter tries to persuade Mrs. Ross to place an order. A letter of this type may also urge the reader to mail an enclosed card or fill in an order blank.

The action to be taken isn't always connected with buying and selling. Letters asking for attendance at a meeting, for donations to charity, or for help of any kind — these are letters of persuasion, too. They all try to persuade someone to do something or give something. Mrs. Ross wants to have a new radio, and her reason isn't hard to figure out. But sometimes it takes a good "sales letter" to get people to give time and/or money to worthwhile causes.

What the letter writer has to offer in a case like this is not merchandise but the satisfaction of doing something for others and the pleasant feeling of being needed. Suppose your school wants to set up a Youth Canteen in an empty store but cannot afford to pay rent. A letter asking the property owner for the use of his store would tell him why his store is needed, promise him that the property will be cared for, and offer him — what? Appreciation and gratitude, that's all. For a great many people, fortunately, that's enough.

Into Her Boss' Boots



Bobette Crane — up the ladder from secretary to advertising executive.

YOU'D never think of a girl named Bobette Crane in connection with Diesel engines, motorcycles, and power lawn mowers, would you? This 27-year-old redhead directs the advertising for 22 industrial companies in eight states. She is the first woman to achieve the title of advertising director of R. B. Rogers, Inc. As an industrial managing company, R. B. Rogers, Inc. controls 22 companies which manufacture such products as those above.

How did Bobette become an advertising executive? By stepping into her boss' boots! Four years ago she started to work for R. B. Rogers, Inc. as secretary to the director of advertising. When her boss left, he recommended her for his position. Now *she's* the director of advertising.

Bobette thinks that too many girls shy away from secretarial work for fear they'll be stuck as secretaries for the rest of their lives. "It's not necessarily true," said Bobette. "The secretarial route is the best way to get into many companies."

If Bobette Crane hadn't become a secretary she wouldn't be directing advertising now. The secretarial "bug" got her while she was working for a small trade journal. The journal had some good openings for journalists with secretarial training. "We called the journalism schools," said Bobette, "but couldn't find any journalist who would admit that he could also take shorthand!"

"That's when I decided to take a secretarial course." When Bobette finished training she became secretary and as-

sistant to the editor of the trade journal.

"When the war came along," she explained, "I heard about an opening at R. B. Rogers, so I applied for a job and got it."

"What makes a good secretary?" we asked.

Bobette replied, "Everything you do has to be as important to you as it is to your boss."

As director of advertising Bobette talks to everyone who wants to see her. Another of her policies is to avoid stiff business letters. "Many people start business letters with the same beginning no matter what the letter is about or to whom it's going," she said.

"The way to write a letter depends on the person to whom you are writing. You'd be surprised how many people

still use outmoded terms such as 'attached hereto' for 'enclosed is.'"

"Did you expect to be working in advertising some day?"

"No," Bobette laughed. "I first rubbed up against advertising when I was writing interviews for the trade journal. I learned everything else I know about it at Rogers, Inc."

Now Bobette plans the advertising for the products made by all the companies R. B. Rogers controls. But the advertising copy that Bobette writes is a far cry from most of the consumer ads you read in newspapers and magazines. Bobette writes industrial ads describing the products for other industrial concerns which buy motors, mowers, etc.

"Industrial ads are more technical," said Bobette. "That's why it's an advantage to have our offices in a plant. You pick up a knowledge of engine motors and cooling towers from the workmen. When I want to know about an engine part for an ad, I just run down and ask someone who knows about the product."

Bobette plans to write some day when she finds time on the side. Right now engine parts and motorcycles claim most of her attention.



DO YOU remember the uses of the comma which we listed in our last *Sign Language* column (October 14th issue)? They were:

1. Use a comma to set off introductory phrases and words not closely related to the words that follow immediately.

Example (you punctuate it!): For example this sentence needs a comma.

2. Use a comma to set off introductory adverbial clauses.

Example (it's still your turn!): If you want to learn punctuation columns like this will help you.

Now here's a third use of the comma. It's a little tricky to handle, but we'll explain why and how.

3. Use commas to separate terms or items (words, phrases, clauses, etc.) in a series when these terms are not connected by conjunctions.

Read the three sentences below and see if you recognize the rule—and if you understand the difference in meaning between (b) and (c).

(a) I like ice cream and cokes and ginger ale.

(b) I like ice cream, cokes, and ginger ale.

(c) I like ice cream, cokes and ginger ale.

It's easy to recognize the rule, isn't it? No commas are needed in (a) because the terms in the series are connected by the conjunction *and*. Commas are needed and used in (b) because the terms are not connected by conjunctions.

But did you see the difference in meaning between (b) *with two commas* and (c) *with one comma*?

By using two commas and separating each of the three terms, sentence

(b) means that "I like three things: ice cream, cokes, and ginger ale."

But sentence (c) *with only one comma* means that "I like two things. One is ice cream. The other is cokes and ginger ale." Doesn't sound like a good mixture, does it?

Exceptions

There are always exceptions to a general rule. Here are the exceptions to the above.

1. No comma is used when a combination of words is considered as a unit.

Examples:

- (a) bacon and eggs.
- (b) bread and butter.

2. No comma is used to separate two or more adjectives modifying the same noun and considered as a unit.

Example:

She bought a box of pure white Ivory Snow.

See?

You don't mean a pure *and* white *and* Ivory Snow, do you? Pure white Ivory Snow is a unit. No commas.



The Gregg Writer

"I thought maybe he could help me find that letter from Consolidated Can."

FILING is easy. But there's one catch to it—you have to be able to find the stuff again!

With a sketchy filing system and a good memory, you might be able to get by for a while. But the main purpose of a filing system is to make sure that *anyone* can locate material in the files.

There are many methods of filing papers and correspondence—alphabetical, numeric, geographic, subject, the Dewey decimal system (used in libraries), etc.

Large businesses usually have a separate department which handles nothing but the filing of correspondence for the entire firm, according to a complicated system devised for its own needs. Most firms, however, allow their various departments to set up their own correspondence files.

The alphabetical method of filing is the one most generally used, and the simplest. All you have to know is *which* letter of the alphabet follows *which*, a piece of knowledge you were forced to acquire about the time you lost your first teeth.

Depending on the volume of correspondence, the alphabet is broken down into divisions to simplify filing. There may be 25 divisions (A, BA-BL, BO-BY, etc.), 40 divisions (A, BA, BE-BI, BL-BO, etc.), 60 divisions (AA-AM, AN-AZ, etc.) or even further subdivisions—with a folder for each.

Letters are filed either by the firm name or the name of the individual writing the letter or the name of the person to whom the letter is addressed.

But here, in this lovely uncomplicated Eden of alphabetical filing, is where an ugly serpent rears its head.

Your employer receives a letter on some matter which interests him. He replies. Original letter and a carbon of the reply are duly filed under the writer's name. Six weeks later, Boss says, "Bring me the letter from that

man who wrote about raising chinchilla in Paraguay." You swallow your tongue and say you don't know where to look for the letter, or you leaf through every folder in the file until you find it—both very uncomfortable procedures.

Cross-Reference

It is for situations like this that the cross-reference system was invented. If you had been familiar with it, you would have made up three cross-references in this instance—four, if the man was connected with a firm.

On a sheet of paper you would have written: *Chinchilla*—see Graham, John, letter dated 8/3/46, and you would have filed the sheet in the *Ch* folder; *Paraguay*—see Graham, John, letter dated 8/3/46, and filed it in the *Pa* folder; *South America*—see Graham, John, letter dated 8/3/46, and filed it in the *So* folder. With these three leads, even if you didn't remember the man's name, you would be able to track down the letter.

Now suppose you receive a letter from one Thomas Baker on the letterhead of the firm of Daskam and Smith. From the wording of the letter you are not certain whether the firm or the individual is the customer, so you file it under *Baker*.

Later, Boss asks you for the letter from Daskam and Smith—and then where are you? Going like mad through the whole file again, unless you had put a cross-reference sheet in the file in the *Da's*—*Daskam and Smith*—see Baker, Thomas, letter dated 6/1/46.

Reports and Surveys

At times your employer may make a report or conduct a survey. In order to keep together all the material relating

No. 2. How to File Letters

Confessions of a Secretary

to the subject, it will be necessary to make a separate folder. This folder should be labeled with the name by which the report or survey was usually referred to in the office.

For example, your employer might send out letters to customers asking what soap brands they bought most often and why. Your folder could simply be titled "Soap Survey." Since this type of questionnaire comes under the heading of "Consumer Research," there should be a cross-reference sheet in the *CO* folder saying "See 'Soap Survey' folder." All correspondence in the special folder should be cross-indexed in the general files.

Of course, you don't need to be told that you have to *read* the correspondence that crosses your desk in order to do an intelligent job of subject matter filing and cross-referencing. It's always fun to read other people's mail and, in this instance, you can do it without a guilty conscience.

Rules for Alphabetical Filing

The strict sequence of letters in names (or subject) is the guide to follow in alphabetical filing. Filing is first by surname, then by initial, then by Christian name.

1. Initials precede spelled out names. For instance:

Jordan, K. A.

Jordan, K. T.

Jordan, Katherine E.

(If there were a *Jordan, K. Thomas*, he would be inserted after *Jordan, K. T.*)

2. Names that have a number in the title should be filed as though the number were spelled out: For instance, 1st National Bank would be filed as though it were First National Bank.

3. Names containing abbreviations such as *St.*, *Mt.*, etc. are filed as though spelled out, as *Saint*, *Mount*, etc.

4. Small words such as *and*, *for*, and *of* in names are disregarded, and such words as *Bros.*, *Inc.*, *Sons*, are treated as Christian names for filing purposes.

5. An apostrophe followed by *s* is disregarded, but *s* followed by an apostrophe is not. Thus:

Griffith's

Griffith Art Gallery

Griffith Venetian Blind Company

Griffiths' Book Shop

Alphabetical filing is the one case where it is more blessed to stick to the *letter* rather than the spirit of the law!

AND WE QUOTE . . .

A halo only has to fall a few inches to become a noose. — Sign in office of MGM executive.

Women are wiser than men because they know less and understand more. — James Stephens.

It will never rain roses. When we want roses, we must plant more rosebushes. — George Elliot

We live for it, we fight for it, if need be we die for it. We mortgage our future to keep it alive. Some day we hope to agree on what it is. — The American Way. — Sen. Soaper

There aren't any idle rumors. They are always busy. — Religious Telescope.

By Mac Cullen

A Free Press

IF YOU'VE had your ears and eyes open lately, you've probably heard and read a great deal about OPA, strikes, and international relations—particularly between the United States and Russia. Probably you've participated in discussions of these subjects in your own home or at school. You've heard different—or conflicting—opinions expressed. And, no doubt, many of these opinions were expressed after the speaker had said: "I read in the newspaper. . . ."

The fact that we feel free to express our opinions on any subject shows that we are living in a democracy. The fact that our newspapers are free to print whatever news or opinion they wish—without interference from the government—shows that we have a free press.

What Does a Free Press Mean?

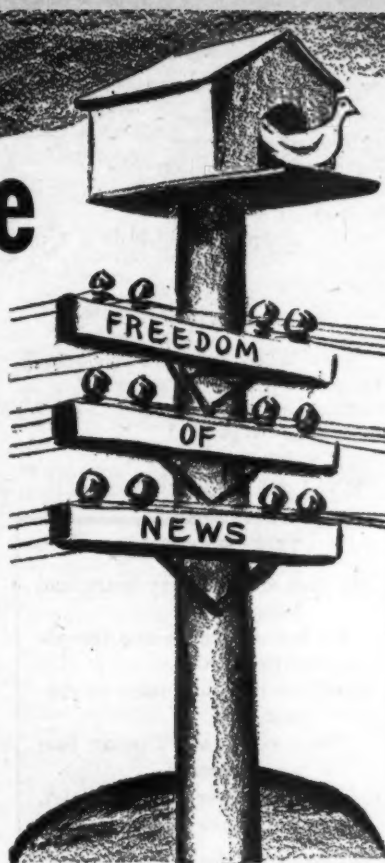
Freedom of the press is one of the "four freedoms" guaranteed to citizens of the United States in Article I of the Bill of Rights, which was added to the Constitution in 1791. We have guarded the freedom of our press ever since, but the rise of Hitler in Germany and World War II have made us realize how important this right is.

The first step of Hitler's rise to power in Germany was to take control of the press. His minister of propaganda, Goebbels, used the press as a propaganda machine. Newspapers in Germany printed only the news and opinion which Hitler wanted the people to know. German prisoners-of-war, who were interned in the United States, were amazed to find out that New York City hadn't been bombed and that the American people weren't starving. They had believed in Hitler's press.

In most dictatorships the newspapers are both controlled and owned by the government. In a democracy they are controlled and owned by individuals or groups of individuals.

Russia today has a government-controlled press. The Russian people do not get world news freely, as we do.

Nor do foreign newspapermen visiting Russia have freedom in sending news out of the country. Their dispatches are carefully censored by Soviet officials. It is only after they have returned to this country that U. S. newspapermen can write freely about Rus-



Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Good Prop for World Peace

sia. Many protests have been made on this score. U. S. publishers and newspapermen have argued that a free exchange of news between nations and a free press within each nation promote international understanding and peace. But Premier Joseph Stalin has made his stand on a government-controlled press with these words: "The press is the only instrument whereby the party can speak daily and hourly with the workers in its own language."

How Free Is a Free Press?

Newspapers in the United States and in Great Britain represent a free press better than those in any other countries in the world. They are restricted only against *libel*—"publishing anything that brings anyone into hatred, contempt, or ridicule." Sometimes it is difficult to tell what news is libelous. But if a newspaper printed the picture of an innocent person over the title of "Murderess," the innocent person could sue the paper for *libel*.

Also, if a newspaper prints anything "indecent"—either in pictures or in news stories—the government can refuse mailing privileges.

During war times, of course, some censorship of news is necessary. Weather reports and news items about troop trains or ship departures would

give military information to the enemy. Although all branches of the armed forces had censors during World War II, most of the censorship in U. S. newspapers was voluntary. Guided by a set of censorship rules, editors and writers assumed the responsibility for withholding military secrets.

The Abuse of Freedom

A free press does not mean a perfect press. Some newspapers in the United States misuse freedom of the press; they alter or "slant" the news to suit their own purposes—sometimes to arouse their readers and influence their thinking unfairly. But even with such abuses a free press wins out. With a government-controlled press *all* the news is censored and edited by the persons or party in control. With a free press the individual publishers and editors decide their own editorial policies. There are always plenty of newspapers which print honest, straightforward news. It is up to you, as an intelligent reader and a good citizen, to find out which newspapers are fair and honest in presenting the news and in giving all sides of a question—then to read them.

Responsibilities of a Free Press

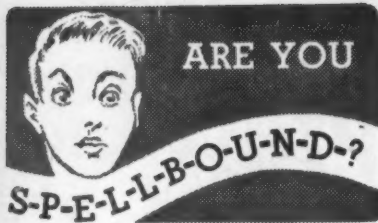
Freedom of any kind goes hand in hand with responsibility. The responsibilities of a newspaper to its reading public are: (1) to report the news accurately, fairly, and objectively; (2) to confine opinion to the editorial page and to signed columns; (3) to publish opinions on both sides of controversial questions; (4) to give readers sufficient information on which to base fair opinions.

Accurate information is the most important tool of straight thinking. If all newspapers are free to print the truth, then enough people will read the truth to insure a well-informed public.

It is *your* responsibility to read the truth and to become a well-informed citizen of your community, your country, and the world.

This is the eighth and last of a series of articles based, in part, on *How to Read a Newspaper* by Edgar Dale. Copyright 1941 by Scott, Foresman and Co.

Next week: The first of a series on "How to Judge Movies."



Jog your memory on what we said about suffixes, and see what you can do with these:

How many L's in:

earnest ? y	comparative ? y
unusual ? y	proper ? y
incidental ? y	doubtful ? y
absolute ? y	like ? y
partial ? y	helpful ? y
according ? y	evil ? y
financial ? y	exceptional ? y
annual ? y	approximate ? y

Now for a few more of the more common suffixes. Then we'll leave them for a spell. (No pun intended!) The story's the same for all of these: just add the suffix to the word and there you are.

ment

entertain + ment = entertainment
wonder + ment = wonderment
arrange + ment = arrangement
achieve + ment = achievement
improve + ment = improvement

less

soul + less = soulless
heart + less = heartless
plan + less = planless
doubt + less = doubtless
taste + less = tasteless

ful

success + ful = successful
wonder + ful = wonderful
doubt + ful = doubtful

est

kind + est = kindest
high + est = highest
slight + est = slightest
sweet + est = sweetest
sheer + est = sheepest

Note: When the word ends in *e*, just add *st*:

late	latest
handsome	handsomest
humble	humblest

Note: When the word ends in *y*, change the *y* to *i* and add *est*.

kindly + est = kindest
likely + est = likeliest
happy + est = happiest
snappy + est = snappiest

THE BARGAIN

My true love hath my heart, and
I have his,

By just exchange one for another given:

I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,

There never was a better bargain driven:

My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,

My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides:

He loves my heart, for once it was his own,

I cherish his because in me it bides:

My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

Sir Philip Sidney

Spelling Bee-Hive

Only one word in each of the following groups is misspelled. Which one?

1. acquaintance, disappointed, inconvenience, acknowledge.

2. benefit, naturally, possibility, definite.

3. occasionally, necessity, acceptable, government.

4. arrangement, existence, regretting, quantity.

5. considerably, occurred, undoubtedly, capacity.

Answers to Spelling Bee-Hive

1. inconvenience (e, not a, in last syllable)
2. definite (i, not a, in last syllable)
3. government (here's that a again!)
4. existence (e, not a in last syllable)
5. occurred (two o's and two i's)

No Fair

The boss called one of his clerks into his private office.

"I have noticed, Jones," he began, "that you, of all my clerks, seem to put your whole life and soul into your work. No detail is too small to escape your attention. No hours are too long."

Jones glowed with pride and anticipation of the satisfactory promotion and increase in salary which he felt were coming.

"And so, Jones," his employer went on, "I am forced, much against my will, to fire you. It is such men as you who go out and start rival businesses!"

Profitable Loss

"Dad, what is bankruptcy?"

"Bankruptcy, my boy, is when you put your money in your hip pocket and let your creditors take your coat."

ARE YOU . . . ? ?



... A DESK-DROOPER?

Casual Carl's a job-hunter "at ease" — He leans on the desk and twirls his keys; And when he's completed his interview, Leaves without any "Thanks" or "Adieu."



... AN ALL-TIME TALKER?

When Rex applies for part-time work. He babbles on like a full-time jerk. No wonder an X against Rex is chalked — The interviewer is completely out-talked!



... A MAKE-UP MANIAC?

Rita carefully re-does her face, Combs each hair back into place. But it all adds up to a total loss When she does it before a prospective boss.



CONTEST judges are only human. What has that to do with letter writing? A great deal, for every time you enter a contest, you have to write a letter — or at least fill out a form — to accompany your entry. Although the rules may not mention it, the judges — being human — may be influenced by your letter. An overlong, poorly-worded letter won't chalk up any points for your side.

When you're provided with an entry form, all you need do is to fill in the blanks — with *accurate* typing or *neat* printing. You'll only be wasting time if you enclose a letter explaining why you hope to win and what you intend to do with the prize money.

When you're left on your own, the solution is a short, simple note giving the necessary information about your entry. The contest rules may mention what information is required. Give all the information they ask for — *no more*.

If the contest announcement leaves you in total darkness, here are some guide posts to follow in writing your letter. Be sure to include:

(1) *Your name and address.* Don't laugh at that one — it's not funny! Contest judges claim that dozens of entries are scratched because names and addresses are omitted or scribbled illegibly.

(2) *Your age, your school grade, and the name of your school.* Use common sense in deciding whether or not this information will be needed by the judges of this particular contest. If it is a contest for high school students, common sense tells you *yes*.

(3) *Information about your entry.* This, too, depends on the sort of contest. In submitting photographs, you should mention the camera you used, the camera settings, and the conditions under which the picture was made. With an essay on current events you would enclose a list of your source material. But a poetry contest judge would hardly be interested in knowing how you became inspired!

(4) *Provision for return postage.* Never make the demand, "Be sure to return my entry if you cannot use it." Read carefully the instructions for entering the contest. If the announcement says "no returns" — that's your answer. If the announcement doesn't say *no* and your entry is something which can't be duplicated (a cartoon, for instance), then enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope and mention in your letter that "return postage is enclosed."

LEARN . . .

To Think Straight

A GOOD argument can be as interesting as a closely contested football game, if both you and your opponent keep your heads on your shoulders while you argue. But if you "lose your head" and resort to name-calling, you aren't playing fair.

Name-calling is an attempt to win an argument by using slanted words instead of sound reasoning. Such slanted words as dictator, radical, reactionary, Red, fascist, etc., are often used to arouse a *feeling* of dislike.

When name-calling is deliberately used to create an unfavorable impression, it is a form of propaganda. It attempts to influence your opinion before you have a chance to think for yourself. Once your *feelings* are aroused it is hard for you to think straight.

Let's see how name-calling worked in the recent disagreement between Secretary of State Byrnes and former Secretary of Commerce Wallace over United States foreign policy.

Mr. Byrnes and the British Foreign Minister, Ernest Bevin, voted alike on

a question which came up at the Paris Conference. Immediately some people called Byrnes a "British imperialist." By name-calling they accused him of putting British interests ahead of the interests of his own country.

When Wallace stated that the United States should be neither "tough" nor "soft" with Russia — but should follow a middle course — some people accused him of putting Russian interests ahead of the interests of the United States. They called him a "Red."

Both claims rested on *incorrect, illogical* reasoning.

1. a. Some people put British interests first.
- b. Many of these people vote as Bevin votes.
- c. Therefore, all who vote as Bevin votes put British interests first.
2. a. Some people put Russian interests first.
- b. Many of these people disapprove of a "tough" policy with Russia.
- c. Therefore, all who disapprove of a "tough" policy with Russia put Russian interests first.

Don't use name-calling in an argument. And don't be influenced by the name-calling of others.



HOW'S THAT AGAIN?

By SLIM SYNTAX

How do you pronounce *rodeo*? I hear it pronounced in different ways.

R. F., Ecanston, Illinois

There are two accepted pronunciations: ROH - dee - oh and roh - DAY - oh.

Webster prefers the accent on the first syllable and it is, by far, the more common pronunciation.

What does D. Litt, at the end of a person's name mean?

F. S., Austin, Texas

D. Litt, means *Doctor of Literature or Letters*. It is an honorary degree conferred by a university upon people who have attained great prominence or whose achievements in the public interest are unusual.

When do you use Esq. (*Esquire*) in addressing letters?

Vivian L., Syracuse, N. Y.

In the United States we rarely address a man as J. B. Phelps, Esq. This is a distinctly British form of speech. Just plain Mr. is the accepted American form of address.

Is *data* singular or plural? Do you say: "The data is here" or "The data are here"?

M. K., Baltimore, Md.

Data is plural. The singular is *datum*, but it is seldom used. You say:

"The data are here."

There are a number of other words like *data*:

Singular	Plural
bacterium	bacteria
memorandum	memoranda
stratum	strata

My teacher says the following sentence is incorrect: "Much water has flown over the dam." What's wrong with it?

R. G., Walton, New York

If what you say really happened, then you have witnessed what no mortal eyes have ever seen! You have reported the existence of *flying* water. *Flown* is the past participle of *fly*: I *fly* (present), I *flew* (past), I have *flown* (present perfect).

Water flows like this: flow, flowed, (has) flowed.



QUESTIONS AND QUIZZES TO SEE IF YOU'RE "WHIZZES!"

MAIL CALL

These statements were taken from business letters which did a bang-up job of irritating the people to whom they were written. Decide what's wrong with them, correct them — and then resolve never to be found guilty on any of these counts!

1. "Gentlemen: I have decided to buy the bicycle."

2. "I would appreciate your sending me the booklet on civics, which my history teacher discussed in class yesterday."

3. "I hope you will write soon, and oblige."

4. "We're too busy right now to attend to your request."

5. "I cannot let you have the data you requested because I do not know who you are or why you want these reports."

6. "We also have a cheaper refrigerator, but it isn't a good buy."

A FREE PRESS

The benefits of a free press are clear when you contrast a free press and a government-controlled press. Can you line up the differences by filling in these blanks?

1. In most dictatorships newspapers are both controlled and owned by the government. In a democracy they are owned by _____.

2. A government-controlled press can print only what the government wants the people to know. But in normal times the government restricts a free press only against _____.

3. During wartimes government-controlled papers work under strict government censorship. But in the United States during World War II most of the responsibility for censorship was voluntarily assumed by _____.

4. With a government-controlled press all papers print the same news and opinions, as directed by the party in control. But in a free press editorial policies differ, because they are decided by _____.

LEARN — TO THIN'K STRAIGHT

Are the following examples of reasoning logical or illogical?

1. a. Some people don't like Bob Hope.
- b. A number of these people lack a sense of humor.
- c. Therefore, all people who dislike Bob Hope lack a sense of humor.
2. a. Some people don't approve of labor's right to strike.
- b. A number of these people want to abolish labor unions.
- c. Therefore, all people who disapprove of labor's right to strike want to abolish labor unions.

ENGLISH IN REVERSE

Add a prefix to each of these words and you'll get another word meaning the exact opposite. For instance, *il* plus *legal*, gives you *illegal*.

1. legal
2. modest
3. responsible
4. sincere
5. formal
6. accustomed

(Answers in Teacher Edition.)



WHAT do you know about agricultural terms? If you're a vocational "ag" student, or a farmer born and bred, you probably know all of the terms below. But if you're a city dweller, aiming for a career in business, you may have considered agriculture "out of your line." Maybe it will be; maybe not. Suppose you were to get a job with a firm that manufactures farm implements or with a government agency that corresponds with farmers. Better brush up on your agricultural vocabulary by listening to a conversation between a vocational agriculture instructor and one of his students, Walt Jones, who is a Future Farmer of America.

WALT: Mr. Tuttle, I thought you might be interested in seeing some of the pamphlets that I got at the State Fair. These are on crop care.

MR. T: Good! Maybe I could use them in our course on crop control.

WALT: They're pretty good, I think. This one tells about *soil erosion*, and it

has a chart on the use of *fertilizers*. The other has a section on tested and proved *insecticides*. This third one has some diagrams on *irrigation* methods.

MR. T: I'd like to look them over. Wasn't this your first trip to a State Fair?

WALT: Yes. Golly, it was exciting!

MR. T: Did you have a chance to see all the exhibits?

WALT: I got a glimpse of everything, but I had to move fast. I made the rounds of the prize *produce* and *live stock* and then went on to the women's booths. Boy, those preserves and jellies looked good! And there were some beautiful hooked rugs, quilts, etc. But I spent most of my time at the manufacturers' exhibits of farm implements and new machinery. The best was a display of *incubators* in a model *brooder*.

MR. T: How about giving a report of that in class tomorrow?

WALT: I'd like to. Could I include the other exhibits? There was one showing new *harrows* and *mowers*. But, you know, I was surprised to see that there were very few *reapers* or *threshers*. Most of the manufacturers seemed to be making *combines*.

MR. T: Be sure to include that in your report. You'll probably cause a heated discussion about whether or not that's a *sound* trend.

soil erosion — the gradual wearing away, or deterioration, of top-soil by water (rain and floods) and wind.

fertilizers — substances used to enrich the soil and make it more productive.

insecticides — preparations for destroying insects harmful to crops.

irrigation — artificial watering of farmland by canals, ditches, flooding, etc. to supply growing crops with moisture.

produce (PROD oos) — farm products.

live stock — domestic animals used or raised on a farm.

incubator — an apparatus for hatching eggs artificially.

brooder — a heated building or compartment for chicks hatched in an incubator.

harrow — machine used, after plowing, to pulverize and smooth the soil, in preparation for planting seeds.

mower — machine that cuts down standing grass, etc.

reaper — machine that harvests grain crops; also called harvester.

thresher — machine for separating grain from its stalks.

combine (COM bine) — machine which both harvests and threshes grain while moving over the field.

The Ernest Babcocks, Junior and Senior, model plane speed champs from Morris Plains, N. J. Here in their home workshop, tinkering with their stubby Class C model "Jughaid" (Yep, made with an X-acto!) which in unofficial practice flights has made as much as 130 mph.



MEET THE CHAMPS...THE BABCOCK TEAM

...and read what *they* say about X-acto!

When thirteen-year-old Ernest Babcock asked his Dad for a model plane kit four Christmases ago, he got an X-acto Knife Chest, too. But, neither father nor son dreamed, then, that they'd become the nationally famous model plane team they are today.

Dad designs the planes, Junior flies them, but both work at building them with their trusty X-actos. Together, the amazing Babcocks have broken more records and run away with more top prizes than most ordinary mortals ever heard of.

Anyone who ever put a knife to wood knows a brilliant record like this takes more than expert skill in designing and handling the planes.

It takes the patience of a saint in building accurate models. And it takes good, dependable tools.

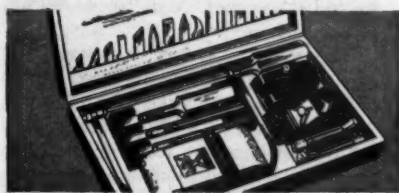
So when the Babcocks say, "We've used X-acto Knives since we first began building models, and find them *the handiest tools to have in a model shop*"... there's a tip for you, brother!

13 Blade Shapes Quickly Interchangeable!

X-acto is tops, as well, for whittlers, paper sculptors, or any other hobby crafter, be he amateur or expert. With 13 scalpel-sharp blades and 3 safety-grip handles (*all-metal, no more substitute plastics!*) you'll do a slicker job, and quicker, when you use super-sharp X-acto.

ALL METAL

X-acto No. 2 Solid Duraluminum Knife . . . **50c**
With 5 assorted blades, \$1. Other X-acto Knives, Tools, Chests, 50c to \$12.50.



Hobby crafter's Dream Gift. No. 85 X-acto Tool Chest—3 all-metal knives; full assortment of blades; saw; sander; stripper; planer; drills and holders; steel ruler; complete in wooden chests, \$12.50.

x-acto

KNIVES & TOOLS



At hardware, hobby and gift shops

X-acto Crescent Products Co., Inc.,
440 Fourth Ave.,
New York 16, N. Y.
In Canada: Handicraft Tools, Ltd.,
Hermant Bldg., Toronto

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE MARCH OF



WORLD PEACE was discussed by 140 foreign women representing 53 countries and 50 American women at International Assembly of Women, South Kortright, N. Y. Delegates included Miss Emily Bishart (right), Transjordan, and Mrs. Haydard Mahmood, Iraq. Assembly recommended raised living standards in all nations by greater distribution of wealth, also that all nations should cooperate with International Trade Organization to lower trade tariffs.

No Czechoslovakia Credit

What Happened: Loose talk by Czechoslovakia has cost her \$90,000,000 in credits. Annoyed by Czechoslovak charges that we are using our economic power for purposes of "imperialism" and to "enslave" the world, the U. S. State Department answered the charges. The answer took two forms. The State Department stopped the \$40,000,000 credit extended to Czechoslovakia last spring for the purchase of surplus United States Army equipment in Europe. It also asked the U. S. Export-Import Bank to cancel another \$50,000,000 credit to Czechoslovakia for raw materials and rehabilitation.

The Czechoslovak Embassy was notified of this action in a memorandum submitted to it by William L. Clayton, Under Secretary of State for Economic Affairs. It has been known for some time that Washington was "peevish" by the accusations made by Czechoslovak representatives at the Paris Peace Conference and in the Czech and Soviet press. These accusations say that we are employing credit to further a policy

of economic imperialism in Europe.

The United States government was also displeased with the agreement which Czechoslovakia recently concluded with Romania. This agreement provides for the resale to Romania, at a profit, the \$10,000,000 worth of surplus material which Czechoslovakia has purchased from us.

Formally, in its memorandum to the Czech government, the State Department set forth the following reasons for the suspension of the \$90,000,000 credits to Czechoslovakia:

(1) Misinterpretation by Czechoslovakia of America's motives in extending economic assistance to European countries;

(2) Improved economic conditions in Czechoslovakia, as compared with other war-ravaged countries; and

(3) The proposed resale by Czechoslovakia of American surplus property to Romania.

What's Behind It: Uncle Sam does not want to be either an Uncle Shylock or an Uncle Sucker. He has spent nearly \$52,000,000,000 on Lend-Lease aid and relief to our wartime allies.

Much of it went to countries behind the Soviet "Iron Curtain." Admittedly, that money was well spent and Uncle Sam expects no thanks for it. But he is incensed at the propaganda which attempts to paint him as an "imperialist" grown rich on the war. The rebuke administered by Washington to Czechoslovakia may have been aimed at points farther East.

Civil War Divides China

What Happened: An eleventh-hour attempt to halt the civil war in China was recently made by President Chiang Kai-shek. It is believed to be his very "last offer" to the Chinese Communists. He proposed, briefly, that (1) both sides simultaneously issue a cease-fire order, and (2) that the Communists agree to participate in the National Assembly, which is to meet this month for the purpose of drafting a new constitution. The offer was made by President Chiang after conferring with Gen. George C. Marshall, President Truman's special envoy to China, and U. S. Ambassador John Leighton Stuart.

The Communists at first rejected President Chiang's offer and submitted a counter-offer of their own. They asked that the Government withdraw its troops to positions held last January 13.

What's Behind It: It is highly doubtful whether the Communist counter-proposal will be acceptable to the national government. If the government withdraws its troops to their January 13 positions, it would have to give up large areas captured from the Communists in recent months, among them the strategic cities of Kalgan and Chengteh.

France Divided in Three

What Happened: There is fast and furious "horse-trading" going on among French politicians these days. It's all behind the scenes. And the results are still uncertain.

This much is known, however. The MRP (the Popular Republican Movement) recently invited the Socialist party to join it in a bloc of democratic parties against the Communists. But the Socialists cold-shouldered the idea.

A day later the Socialists were courted again. This time by the Communists who urged them to join a

EVENTS

"united front" of the two parties. This, too, was declined with a curt, "No, thank you." The Socialists are wary of the Communists' links with Moscow.

Thus it seems as if all three parties will be campaigning on their own for the coming November 10 elections.

What's Behind It: The root of France's political difficulties is that no one of the parties has a majority in the National Assembly. For this reason, all recent governments have been coalitions of the three major groups—the MRP, the Socialists, and the Communists. These three jointly "authored" France's new constitution, representing a compromise of conflicting views.

When it was recently submitted to a referendum, the charter was approved by a majority of only one million votes. Over 30 per cent of the French voters did not even go to the polls. Spearheading the campaign against the constitution is General Charles de Gaulle. How many followers he has is difficult to ascertain. A new reshuffling of political strengths is expected in the November 10 elections.

Limiting Election Funds

What Happened: Too many people spend too much money in political campaigns which they expect will "pay off" on Election Day. This, in effect, was the charge made by Representative J. Percy Priest, Chairman of the House Campaign Expenditures Committee.

After quizzing the CIO-Political Action Committee, the National Association of Manufacturers, the Ku Klux Klan, and many other groups about their political activities, chairman Priest maintained that the Corrupt Practices Act, which limits campaign spending, is "riddled with loopholes." When the new Congress convenes he intends to introduce a completely rewritten act to eliminate these holes.

Testifying before the committee, a spokesman for the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen said that his union had been prepared to spend up to \$3,000,000 in this year's Congressional campaigns. An NAM witness said that his organization had no political activity fund, but issued "educational" material. A representative of CIO-PAC told the committee that his organization used the money contributed by mem-

bers to send out "educational" literature (such as "good" and "bad" Congressional voting records), and to give advice to local groups organizing for political activity. He disclosed that individual contributions from union members from this work had fallen far short of the \$1,000,000 goal.

What's Behind It: Because it saw danger of corruption where large amounts of money were spent in political campaigns, Congress since 1907 has been passing laws limiting expenditures. Present rules are contained in (1) the Corrupt Practices Act of 1925, which limits the amounts candidates for Congress may spend, prohibits contributions by national banks or corporations, and requires candidates and political committees to file reports with Congress of their receipts and expenditures; (2) the Hatch Act of 1940, which puts a \$5,000 ceiling on political contributions by any individual or organization, and a \$3,000,000 ceiling on contributions to and expenditures by any "political committee"; and (3) the Smith-Connally Act of 1943, which forbids labor organizations to "make a contribution" to any campaign for Federal office.

But there are numerous examples of groups and individuals getting around these laws. In the 1944 campaign, for example, six wealthy party supporters contributed an average of \$25,000 apiece by splitting the gifts among several members of their families. CIO-PAC keeps to the letter of the law by not making direct money contributions to candidates. Before the 1948 presidential election, Congress will undoubtedly attempt to prevent such violations of the "spirit" of the law.

Price and Wage Controls

What Happened: Having set a November 1 deadline for scrapping most wartime price controls, the Administration speeded up its decontrol program. In line with the "orderly retreat" planned by OPA officials after President Truman removed meat price ceilings, controls were lifted on coffee, oleomargarine, shortening, mayonnaise, and salad dressing. They were also suspended from harness and riding equipment and allied products, considered "unimportant to the cost of living."

Ceilings were slated to come off the small part of the family food budget still under controls. The only ceilings which would probably remain were those on building materials, automobiles, rents, refrigerators, furniture, farm machinery, and basic clothing.

In line with the trend toward speedy decontrol, the OPA released more than half of its employees, reducing its staff to a skeleton force.

As the removal of price ceilings sent the cost of living upward, wage controls might also be removed soon.

What's Behind It: President Truman said in his speech decontrolling meat, "... we shall all have to exercise restraint and common sense if inflation is to be avoided and adequate production is to be achieved." As more and more controls were lifted, it became more and more apparent that all Americans must heed this plea if the nation is to avoid economic disaster.

Sugar Strike in Hawaii

What Happened: The country's sweet tooth ached as the sugar shortage continued. Part of the shortage was due to the strike of 25,000 Hawaiian sugar workers which has been going on since September 1.

Members of the CIO International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, the workers left their jobs to support demands for a wage raise from the present 41-43c an hour to 65 cents an hour. They also ask a reduction in the work week from 48 hours to 40 hours, and a union shop.

The Hawaiian sugar industry refused the hours and union-shop demands. They did make two wage offers—one of 50 cents an hour, the other of 65 cents if workers would pay for the



Carmack in Christian Science Monitor
Will It Be Cooked?

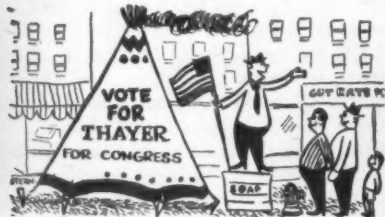
housing, medical care, and other facilities now furnished free. The union refused both offers.

What's Behind It: Plantation owners argue that they already pay the highest wages in the sugar industry, and that they cannot afford to increase their wage offers. While the workers hold out for more, the world loses 80,000 tons of sugar a month. The United States gets about 850,000 tons of Hawaiian sugar annually—its third largest source. Cuban cane sugar comes first, and domestic beet sugar second.

"HERE AND THERE"

We'll Take Strawberry. Carlos P. Romulo is ambassador-at-large of the newly-born Philippine Islands republic. He sometimes finds the going a little rugged in the course of his diplomatic travels. He wrote home from London: "There is no bread, no butter, no sugar. There are not even napkins on the tables. On the streets there are no cabs. There is no sunshine and there are no pretty girls. I'll take Manila."

Lease Expires on Election Day. The housing shortage raises its ugly head wherever you turn, discovered the Independent Veterans Committee supporting Robert H. Thayer, a Congressional nominee in Brooklyn, New York. For lack of a better place, the Committee set up its headquarters in a



tent pitched right in the middle of the candidate's congressional district. Thayer, incidentally, is assistant commissioner of the N. Y. State Division of Housing.

What's All the Shootin' For? Members of the Minot, North Dakota, Junior Chamber of Commerce, in their enthusiasm to promote international good will, narrowly avoided an embarrassing situation. The Jr. C. of C. invited the members of the U.N. Military Committee—high-ranking officers of nations on the Security Council—to come to Minot on a pheasant hunting trip. The state game commissioner later discovered that an obscure North Dakota game law prohibits aliens from hunting in the state. The necessary legal exception was made hurriedly before the generals and admirals arrived.

United Nations News

PUBLISHED IN THE INTERESTS OF A BETTER WORLD



United Nations seal

Spain and World Court

Like the proverbial bad penny, Franco Spain keeps turning up at the U.N. Security Council. This time it was during a discussion of the International Court of Justice.

The Polish representative, Oscar Lange, introduced a resolution urging the eleven-nation Council to bar Franco Spain from access to the world court. He pointed out that at San Francisco and Potsdam, Spain was forbidden membership in the United Nations so long as Generalissimo Franco remained in power. Therefore, he argued, it would be the height of inconsistency to allow a representative of the Spanish dictator to plead a case before the court.

A contrary view was taken by the American delegate, Herschel V. Johnson. Even though the United States Government disapproves of the Franco regime in Spain, he stated, it believes that no country should be excluded from the world court.

"In our country," he said, "we abide by the principle that every man, even a criminal, is entitled to impartial justice."

When a vote was taken, it was discovered that the Polish resolution was defeated, 7 to 4—with Poland, Russia, France, and Mexico constituting the minority.

Carnegie Mansion to U.N.

The U.N. has just acquired—by loan or outright gift—one of New York's most palatial homes, the Carnegie Mansion. It will be used as a club and office building.

The mansion is located on Manhattan's swank Fifth Avenue at Ninety-First Street. The building with its surrounding grounds covers an entire blockfront on the avenue.

The mansion was built at the turn of the century by Andrew Carnegie, the steel magnate, and is said to have cost him a million dollars. There are thirty large bedrooms, most of them with baths, a great portrait gallery and numerous stately drawing rooms.

United Nations representatives reported that they had found the rooms and furnishings "in perfect condition." Since the rent was set at zero, there was no complaint on that score either.



Press Assn.

U. S. DELEGATION TO U.N. ASSEMBLY includes (left to right) Representative Charles Eaton, Mrs. Roosevelt, former Senator Warren R. Austin (head of Delegation), Representative Helen Gahagan Douglas. (Standing) are Charles Fahy, legal adviser from State Department, Representative Sol Bloom, and Adlai Stevenson of State Dept. Delegates not shown in photo are Sen. Connally and prominent Republicans Sen. Vandenberg and John Foster Dulles. Delegates were appointed by Mr. Truman. Dulles, Stevenson, Douglas, Eaton are alternates.

At first, he was sure that his memory
had tricked him

17

HUNTING WEATHER

By Walter Havighurst

AS HE followed the cinder path between the deserted tennis courts and Sturdevant Hall, Philip Royce had a simple and pleasing thought: it felt like snow. He flipped his cigarette away and drew a long, deep breath. There was a cold softness in the air. From the campanile, the bells struck the three-quarters-hour and the sound hovered around him, mellow and strong. On the chill air the vibration of the deep note faded slowly. The sky was gray and still.

He imagined white flakes falling, falling out of that stillness. It gave him a childish pleasure, a pleasure out of keeping with his lined lean face and the zippered brief case under his arm.

He turned into the broad walk at the corner of the quad. A janitor was sweeping leaves and a few black lopsided walnuts from the steps of Carson Hall.

"Morning, Mr. Royce," he said. "Feels like snow."

Philip nodded, and the janitor leaned on his broom. "I guess you didn't see much snow, out there in the Pacific."

"No," Philip said, "we didn't."

It was surprising how many old, half-familiar things you rediscovered when you came back. How the girls went by loaded with books and papers and notebooks, with feathered arrows for archery and drawing boards for art class; and the boys went by empty-handed. How, between bells, knots of students gathered on the walks, their voices making a friendly web around them. How the light shafted through the tall library windows, warming the ranks of dictionaries and encyclopedias on the reference wall. Sometimes he found himself walking delicately, like

a man in the dark, groping his way among the remembered things. Now it was just weather—a gray sky with a softness in the chilly air. "Hunting weather," he remembered suddenly, and it pleased him like a new whispered secret he had with himself. He was back, then, in the Wabash bottoms with a .22 cradled in his arms, watching the frozen brush, whipping the rifle to his shoulder as a rabbit streaked for cover. A low gray sky that could have hidden a whole fleet of Nicks or Zeros, but at that time you didn't look up with ears straining for the distant drone of motors. You called it hunting weather and thought about rabbit tracks stitched across a blank white field of snow.

Methuen was in the office, his jaw clamped on his pipe, bent over some typed pages. As he looked up, the lamplight flashed in his glasses. "Good morning, Phil."

When Philip was settled opposite him

at the double desk, Methuen pushed his manuscript away. "Tuesday," he said. "And I've got that course again."

"Which one?"

"The Meaning of the War. I wish you'd teach it, Phil. You've only got one course."

"That's all the doc would let me."

"But this is just your dish. You could do it easily, and do it so it counts. You could make it mean something."

The light played over his glasses but Philip knew the look beneath them. Wherever he met his colleagues he read the curiosity and envy in their eyes. He wondered why they couldn't see the envy he had for them, with their lives all one piece behind them—all one logical, familiar piece.

Methuen leaned in his chair and the swivel squealed thinly. "When we first talked about this course it sounded real. Make history mean something. Show how it has brought us where we are. I wrote up a fancy syllabus—economic, political, ideological—it looked like a real course. But now half the class is returned soldiers, from Germany, Italy, India, the Philippines. When I see those boys, my outline goes empty."

Philip said, "It's not empty to them."

Methuen leaned into the lamplight. "You know, Phil, those boys make me feel uncomfortable. It's nothing in them, you understand. They're all right. It's in me. I feel—inadequate. I don't even like the way they answer roll call—'Here, sir.' It makes me feel like returning a salute."

"That's a habit they'll soon get over. Then we'll complain because they haven't any respect for their betters."

"I don't feel like their betters," Methuen said quickly. "That's the trouble. I feel unrelated to them, as if I didn't talk their language."

"Army language," Philip said, "is practically no language at all."

"You know what I mean. And you ought to be teaching that course. You know what it's about." He stared moodily at his manuscript. "While I sat in this office you won the Silver Star."

Philip's lighted match stopped halfway to his cigarette. There it was again.

The weary, familiar struggle was starting in his mind again. The Silver Star, buried under his socks in the second drawer of his chest in his bedroom at the Campus Club. It wasn't so much that he couldn't tell Methuen, or anybody else about it. It was that he couldn't even tell himself. He didn't know. When there's a blacked-out place in your life you are cut off even from yourself. You're on a road with a bridge washed out behind you.

The bell rang and suddenly the halls



SHORT STORY

were noisy. Methuen knocked his pipe out, bundled his notes together, looked at his watch in the idle habit he had, and muttered something about "meaning of the war." When he was gone Philip opened his brief case and took out his notes on Tom Paine. The students were settled when he entered the classroom.

There were three new class cards on his desk. He called the roll, adding the new names: Anderson, Koski, Cassiday. As he spoke the last name, something stirred in his memory, and the voice that answered, "Here, sir," stirred it deeper. His eyes were drawn to the last row, the end seat. A red-haired boy with fair, pink skin and pale blue lighted eyes. Thin, he had the hospital look. But there was a straightness, a tautness in him. His eyes were on Philip Royce with an incredulous surprise.

In the back of Philip's mind names went racing: *Camp Belden, Fort Douglas, Sacramento, Martinez, Vallejo — where was it? Cassiday, Cassiday, where does he belong?*

He was pacing behind the desk then, talking to a history class about the stormy petrel of the American Revolution. Stout, stubborn Tom Paine — not a summer soldier and a sunshine patriot, but a man who took the hard way all his life. He didn't want it easy.

Something in his own voice startled him, and his eyes went back to the red-haired boy sitting in the corner chair.

THE lecture went on, but Philip Royce could not forget the red-haired boy against the wall, and in his mind another voice was asking: *Ponape, Guam, Leyte, Saipan — where was it? Why is he familiar? Where does he fit in?* Now he had the disturbing impression of two red-haired boys. A picture began to come back out of darkness, fatigue and chaos. He saw two of them walking with the same quick step, standing with the same straightness, alike as wooden soldiers. He tried to shake that confused image away, but the two boys would not become one. He saw them at the end of a file of replacements reporting at company headquarters on a beach of trampled sand — two slight, red-headed boys saluting rigidly. Their skin was fiery, the worst kind of skin out there. It never tanned or toughened under the equator's sun; it burned and peeled and burned again. It flaked off white and left a tender pink skin, like a baby's.

Somewhere in his memory they stood up plainly, two boys, or one boy duplicated, with the skin flaked and scaling from their faces. . . .

"At that time," his voice was saying, "no one in the west end of London knew of Tom Paine's existence. But a

few years later, he had become a fiery colonial across the sea, and even the Pall Mall Tories knew his name and his principles. That year they wore hobnails in the heels of their boots; on the left heel the nails made a letter T, on the right heel a letter P. With every indignant, stiff-legged step they declared they were treading on the vile principles of Tom Paine."

While Philip Royce talked, his memory was forming and reforming, like a kaleidoscope. In the convalescent hospital at Sierra Springs, the doctor had told them, all sitting in their drab bathrobes in a semicircle where the sun streamed through the windows: "There are doors you close and walk away from. You learn to keep a stream of thought free from a stream of memory. You learn not to mingle things that don't belong together." He had a little pointed beard and pinch-nose glasses. As he talked the roar of falling water was around his words. Outside the windows you could see the blue slopes of Mammoth Mountain and the high granite ledges patched with snow. Some way that urgent, rushing water contradicted all he said. There are streams too strong to govern; there are doors that burst open though you've carefully closed them.

And now, out of one of those doors had come a red-haired boy sitting in the last row of a history class in an Indiana college. He belonged somewhere in the swirling darkness of memory. He belonged to Tinian or Rota Beach or Ponape, somewhere in a fierce sun on a gritty shore, with coral scratches on his hands and volcanic ash grimed in his uniform.

For Royce the blackness of fatigue, the ache of sleeplessness, the numbness of unrelenting danger swept up again, like the smoke screen that moved across the valley where the Jap emplacements thundered. And two red-headed boys were there. He was still seeing double.

"It made a difference," he said, "for a man to come across the Atlantic. He breathed a new air here. He became a new man. Tom Paine never lost a cockney tongue — he called a lady a lydy and a shilling a bob. But his mind became American."

Across the quad the campanile bells began to chime the hour. The class was in motion. The three new boys lined up at the desk with their textbook procurement forms. "It takes your signature, sir, to get the textbook."

Philip entered the title and signed his name. "To catch up with the class," he said, "you'll have to read the first five chapters."

Cassiday was the last one. "Thank you, Lieutenant," he said.

"Not any more," Philip said quickly.

"I couldn't believe it when you walked in, sir. Of course I knew the prof's name. But I never thought of you."

"Probably didn't remember my name," Philip said.

The boy looked startled. "Oh, yes, I did, sir. How could I forget?"

The smoke screen came down again, and once more there were two red-headed boys before him.

"I never thought you'd be a prof — out there."

"When did you leave?" Philip asked.

"You mean — the island?"

"Yes."

"I left that month. March, it was. Then I was in Arizona seven months."

"Hospital?"

"Yes, sir. Cerro Gordo."

Philip saw the blue eyes on him. He put out a hand. "I'm glad you're here."

"Thank you, Lieutenant. Pardon me — thank you, sir."

IN the office, Methuen was lighting his pipe. "More new soldiers," he said. "You have any, Phil?"

"Yes. I had three."

After lunch he took the nap the doctor had ordered. He went to sleep easily, but two hours later he was awake, unrested, troubled. He got up, dug underneath the socks in his second drawer and stared at the medallion on the wide silk ribbon. Between him and the Silver Star came the image of two slight, tired, straight-standing boys with the skin off their faces. . . .

Outside, the sky was gray and close; Philip's breath smoked thinly in the chilly air. "Hunting weather," he told himself, trying to think of a white still fall of snow across the Wabash bottoms. But what he thought of was a trampled sea beach where the bulldozers were lunging at the shattered sand. He hurried on up the walk to University Hall. Inside, he found himself asking for James Cassiday's service record.

It didn't tell him much. Date and place of birth, date of military induction, date of discharge, date of arrival at the University, date of his room assignment in Crosby Hall.

That evening, with his pipe and his slippers and his books beside him, he couldn't study. Something kept edging in. "Learn to keep the stream of thought free from the stream of memory," the specialist had said, his voice half drowned in the roar of water down a mountainside. There was a pent-up stream, far off but rushing, rushing. It grew nearer, stronger, louder. Now it was not a stream of water but a stream of sound. He heard a crashing thunder and the hard, high drone of motors climbing. Then it came back, as it had

(Continued on page 26)

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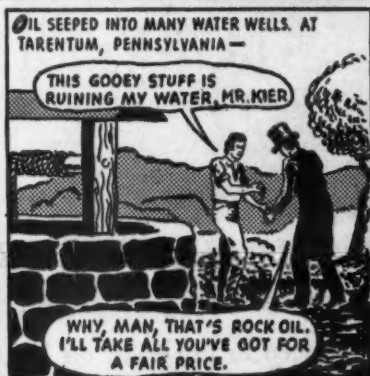
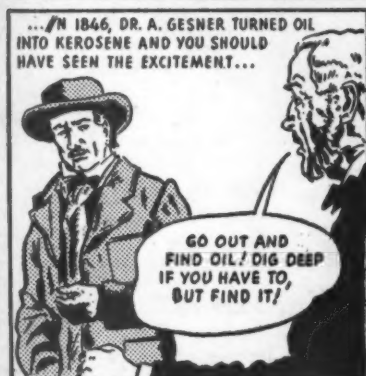
COL. EDWIN L. DRAKE

SEEING HISTORY THROUGH AMERICAN ACHIEVEMENTS

PETROLEUM



DEEPEST WELL IS 26,000 FEET DOWN.



Drawn by Charles P. Beck

Text by Emmanuel Dignity

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BOY dates GIRL

YOU have a girl; you're "going steady." Everything's hunky-dory, you think. Then suddenly everything goes wrong.

Your simple question, "Where would you like to go this evening?", develops into an argument. Then, the next time you make a date with her, you have to break it. Things keep sliding downhill until the beautiful friendship comes to a bitter end. Sad, but true. Now you wish something had been done before it was too late.

You wonder whether something *could* have been done. Well, let's see.

Q. Is a girl considered a "gold-digger" if she likes the "better places"?

A. What do you mean by "better places"? If Carol insists on going to swank places because she likes to tell her friends, "Oh, Jerry took me to the Starlight Roof Saturday night!" Jerry has a right to be insulted. He's being used as a prop for Carol's vanity.

A genuine gal only enthuses over the fun she and Jerry had Saturday night - whether the fun took place in Jake's Diner or at a friend's home. Real fun comes from being with the gang, from doing things together. Real fun *never* has to cost money. If your enthusiasm depends on the state of your date's wallet, it's a pretty tinny enthusiasm.

On the other hand, if you mean by

"better places" the kind of places your parents would approve, that's another story. If you mean you don't like to go to "dives," more power to you in being choosy. If your town boasts few appropriate hang-outs for teen-agers, you may have to insist on the "better places." But if the "better places" cost more jack, you can't expect to gad as often. You'll have to make sense equal dollars and help plan free entertainment in between.

Q. When it's necessary to break a date, how should you go about it?

A. Tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but! And add your sincere apologies. That's all you can do. Anything less (not showing up) is bad manners; anything more (a manufactured alibi) is bad politics.

Q. Is it all right for a boy and girl to exchange jewelry (class rings, pins, etc.)?

A. To shout a loud, forbidding "No!" here would be a refusal to admit that there's such a thing as sentiment. And there *is* sentiment in every human heart. Some people allow themselves to become sugary sentimental; other revolt against such sugary sentimentality and become cynical. But honest sentiment is a good thing.

Just as there is honest sentiment attached to a keepsake that once belonged to your grandmother, so wearing a ring



A birthday card would have been better than adding another wallet to his collection! The thought, not the cost, is what counts in giving gifts.

by Gay Head

or pin of someone you like can have real meaning. It can mean much more than just advertising the fact that there is a "special bond" between you and Jack. But be sure that there is a sincere (and consequently, *lasting*) bond between you before you advertise! Deep-felt ties are a rare and precious thing. Expressions of such ties should also be rare.

Wearing Jack's class ring one month and Drake's silver basketball the next merely advertises the fact that you're a collector of affections. If your "affection of the moment" isn't "for keeps" (and it seldom is — in high school), why make it a meaningless game? You can be fond of Jack without decking yourself in medals of conquest. You can also avoid that embarrassing moment of returning the trophy — when the beautiful friendship has come to a bitter end.

Q. When you want to break up with a girl and want to get your pin back, what can you do?

A. Two things: (1) Ask her to return your pin. It no longer has any meaning for her and it rightfully belongs to you. (2) Watch your step the next time and don't be so eager to pin 'em down.

Q. Is it all right for girls to give gifts to boys?

A. A girl is never obligated to give a boy a gift and, unless you're "going steady" or he's a friend of long standing, better stick to cards at Christmas and for birthdays. They're always appreciated, and it's your gesture of thoughtfulness, not the gift that counts.

Girls should never be the first givers nor should they give expensive gifts. If you're giving a present to your "steady," be careful that it doesn't cost more than his gift to you. Play safe with an inexpensive purchase and be sure that you aren't adding "one more" to his collection of wallets. Whatever you give, he'll have to use — so make it truly useful!

If you have questions similar to these, which you would like answered on this page, write them to Gay Head, *Scholastic Magazines*, 220 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. Please do not ask for personal answers by letter nor enclose postage stamps. Sorry, but questions sent in will have to wait their turn, so don't expect to see them in "the next issue."



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SWING, JAZZ, AND POPS

Blue Skies and *I Don't Know Enough About You* (Columbia). Benny Goodman and Orch. Two swell songs dressed up by some very special Goodman clarinet work in the first choruses. Art Lund takes the vocals, doing *I Don't Know* straight and *Blue Skies* in 1920 jazz style.

Lover's Leap and *High on a Windy Trumpet* (Columbia). Les Brown and Orch. One of the records of the year. Wait till you hear Jimmy Zito's trumpet work, Jeff Clarkson's piano, and Ted Nash's tenor sax! But don't miss the rhythm section in the excitement.

Of Man River (Capitol). Pied Pipers, Paul Weston and Orch. Pleasant arrangement, but muddy recording. The turnover, ## *Everybody Loves My Baby*, is much clearer. Good harmony from the Pipers with fill-in accompaniment.

Chiquita Banana (Columbia.) Gene Krupa and Orch. The best recording of this song to date. Carolyn Grey does the calypso-type lyrics. ## *You May Love Me*, also well-arranged and played, makes a good contrast on the back.

I Want to Woogie Woogie (Columbia). Buster Bennett Trio. O.K. if you haven't had your fill of boogie woogie. The reverse is ## *Don't Jive Me Baby*. The Trio is good, and perhaps later they'll turn out something worth owning.

South America Take It Away and *Chiquita Banana* (Columbia). Xavier Cugat and Orch. Two good songs buried under Cugat's too-smooth style.

Cynthia's in Love (Columbia). Frankie Carle and Orch. Cynthia may be in love, but everyone else is bored. Things are more lively in ## *I'd Be Lost Without You*, but the Carle style doesn't mix with jazz piano.

Ole Buttermilk Sky (Columbia). Kay Kyser and Orch. This is a poor song which we usually wouldn't recommend. But in Kyser's hands it's amusing and peppy. ## *On the Wrong Side of You* is the backing.

Careless (Majestic). Eddy Howard and Orch. Disappointing, uninspired work by the man who composed and sang this song to fame. ## *To Each His Own* on the turnover is a slight improvement.

VOCAL

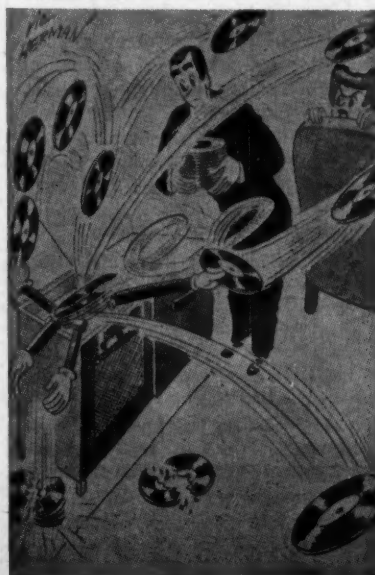
One Love (Columbia). Frank Sinatra. Frankie's at his best on this waltz, singing in the intimate, straight-from-the-heart fashion that made him famous. The backing, ### *Some-where in the Night*, is also first-rate.

That Little Dream Got Nowhere (Columbia). Dinah Shore. One of Dinah's best. The flipover, ### *Two Silhouettes*, continues the mellow mood and smooth, fluid singing. Meredith Willson provides good background.

DEMOCRACY IN MUSIC

Thompson's Testament of Freedom (Victor). Harvard Glee Club and Boston Symphony Orchestra. Randall Thompson's dramatic musical setting for some passages from Thomas Jefferson is rendered brilliantly by the Harvard Glee Club. Director Woodworth is a little partial to his basses, but on the whole he brings out the best in both chorus and orchestra.

Randall Thompson, one of the best contemporary composers, manages to stay away from the extreme techniques that label music "modern." His style combines the qualities of classical harmony with the simple forthright expression of American folk music. *Testament of Freedom* puts new life and meaning into some of Jefferson's inspiring words.



Record Review

"You and your confounded record changers!"



Here's Morgan

IF THERE'S anything you don't like about radio, tune in on Henry Morgan (ABC, Wednesdays, 10:30-11:00 p.m., E.S.T.). Your particular "pet peeve" is bound to receive a sound—and hilarious—drubbing at the hands of the zany, irrepressible Mr. Morgan.

Radio commercials are the favored targets of Morgan's potshots. When he goes to work on a sponsor's product, he really plugs it full of holes. Morgan's commercials are amusing, sardonic, and insulting. People listen to them because they're too funny to be missed. Without a sponsor when he began this new program several months ago, he invented imaginary products to riddle with ridicule.

Target for one night was automobiles: "Are you impatient to see the new Buskirk car?" he asked. "Well, so is the manufacturer. . . . Ladies and gentlemen, Buskirks are now rolling off the assembly line. As soon as we can keep them on the assembly line, we'll make deliveries."

Another time he waxed enthusiastic over Magoo planes which, he explained, are manufactured by "the same fine organization which, during the crucial war years, turned out four million hand-knitted neckties."

"Magoo," he went on to say, "is the first word in airplanes. The last word is — JUMP!"

By now Morgan has his own *bona-fide* sponsor, whom he maltreats with the same overwhelming disrespect.

Morgan writes all his own stuff, and takes most of the parts in his sketches.

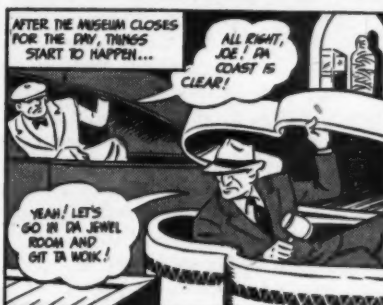
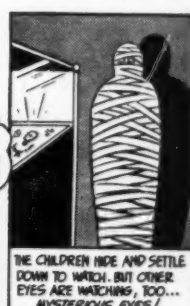
Commercial-wise listeners may wonder how Morgan managed to snag a half-hour of radio time, considering the royal ribbing he hands to radio every week. He offered his own explanation on his opening broadcast. It seems that "... the network was suddenly stuck with thirty minutes of dead air. A vice-president suggested they get the Public Library to sponsor thirty minutes of silence. They were going to call it *Program to Read By*. But the library turned it down because they said they weren't getting a real thirty minutes of silence. At the opening the announcer said, 'SHHHHHH!' . . . everybody turned it down, until they came to me."

Be that as it may, it was a lucky day for those radio listeners who appreciate clever, adult humor.



Captain Tootsie's COUNTER-SPOOK

BY C.C. BECK AND PETER COFFMAN



M-m-m! Dee-licious, dee-luscious Tootsie Rolls! As each chocolaty, chewy bite simply melts in your mouth, you can practically feel that good ol' energy shootin' to your muscles—even comin' out of the wheels of your skates! Get yourself Tootsie Rolls in the big whopper jumbo size—it's the biggest-n-best value in America today!



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Hunting Weather

(Continued)

done so often in the hospital. The starless, smoke-wreathed night, the sullen cannonading from the ridge, the tired cursing in the dark. The C. O. loomed up like a shadow and his voice was ragged. "Yes, sir," Philip Royce said. He called his men. "We're going to locate that emplacement. I want volunteers."

It broke off there. In the light of his study lamp, with his books beside him, his hands were shaking, his face streamed with sweat. He kept groping after it. But the memory was gone.

He put on his shoes and got his overcoat. Night was the hardest time. Already he had tramped out many miles in the dark streets of that Indiana town. But this time he couldn't walk himself quiet. He saw the light in Frank Methuen's study. He turned in.

"I was about to call you," Methuen said. "Ethel's gone to a recital. I thought we might have a game of chess."

They set up the table near the glowing fireplace and laid the pieces out.

"You've kept your game up?" Philip asked.

"No. I haven't played at all. It seemed a waste, some way. That's a bad thing about war, makes you feel guilty every time you unclench. But of course you couldn't unclench." His eyes were lifted and there was that gnawing envy in his voice.

They had jumped the knights into a clear field and run the bishops obliquely out beside them.

"We were unclenched most of the time," Philip said. But beneath the table his hand was now clenched white. He was groping again, but he couldn't get through the blacked-out place.

"Your move," Methuen said. Philip stared at the board and what he saw was the angry red spurting from a smoke-wreathed ridge.

"It's checkmate," he said.

Methuen swept up the pieces. "Another game, Phil?"

"No. I'm not much opposition."

"You're plenty. Next time you'll probably —"

"Thanks, anyway," Philip said.

Outside, the sky was dark, but for a moment in a rift of cloud a filmy half-moon showed. Then the clouds came together and the sky was close again. Night after night, out there, the moon rose out of the water, the big, bright tropic moon, and you hated it like an enemy. He saw it now, climbing up a cloudless sky, streaming down like a searchlight where they wormed among the shell holes.

He hadn't thought of Cassidy till then. Or perhaps he had — for at that moment he found himself at the steps of Crosby Hall. He went inside. He found the number on the directory and climbed to the second floor.

"Who goes there?" the boy said.

He pushed the door open. Cassidy was alone; the chair across the desk was empty, with a shirt thrown across it. Cassidy looked up from his book. In the light from the study lamp his hair was carrot-colored, his skin was pink.

He jumped up. "Pardon me, sir. I thought it was Tony, being funny."

"Quite all right," Philip said.

The boy tossed the shirt into an open closet door. He pulled the chair out. "Will you sit down, sir?"

"Thanks." Philip sat wide-legged, twirling his hat on his finger. "I was just going by. Thought I'd tell you about the make-up work in history."

"I'm starting it now," Cassidy said. "The first five chapters."

"Yes. But there's an outline you can use. It will save you time. You'll find it easy to catch up that way."

The blue eyes looked at him. "I don't want it easy."

The hat fell from Philip's finger. A crashing sound was in his ears and the whine of shells was around him. Sweat broke out on his face again and his hands were shaking. He got up and went to the window. He stared down at the walk where students were passing.

But he was seeing the red spurt on the broken ridge and pulling his men down in the raw slit trench they had opened. He was hearing his own voice on the other side of the world in a smoke-wreathed, starless night. "I want two men to go back to the artillery post. Give them a bearing on that hill. All right, you two. You two Cassidays."

At the window of Crosby Hall, looking down at the dark campus, Philip Royce had a sense of delivery, of freedom, life's being in one piece again. His hands were quiet now. He could remember without fighting for it. It was all there, fixed and finished in its place — how those twin brothers saluted like a single man and disappeared over the rough ground in the dark. In five minutes one of them was back dragging a leg, breathing through his teeth, "I couldn't make it, sir."

"No wonder," the sergeant grunted, bending over him. "His leg is broken."

"Fell in a shell hole," the boy said.

A blast shook the air and the hard sand pelted them. "Keep your heads down," Philip said hoarsely.

They waited, they watched, they listened. Another shell struck, close. In the lull that followed, Philip saw a shadow moving on the ground. He rubbed his twitching, sleep-starved

eyes and looked again. His whispered order passed along the trench. The grenades were poised, drawn, ready. They exploded in a ragged salvo. The flashes showed crumpling forms.

"Got 'em!" the sergeant exulted.

But the shells were dropping closer. Through the darkness came a whine, a whistling. "Down! Down!" Philip said.

It must have struck dead center where they crouched. When Philip Royce came to, the whole side of the trench was blown away. From the dark forms of his men there was no sound, no movement. Then at his feet he heard a grunt of pain. He bent down. Shielding its light he sprayed his flash upon a shock of red hair and a pink face with the skin scaling from it. Before the light snapped off he saw the red stain soaking up his side.

"My brother," Cassiday said.

"Where's my brother?"

"He went back to the artillery post."

"It didn't get him?"

"No. It didn't get him."

Philip unbuckled his canteen. He lifted the boy's shoulder and tilted the water into his mouth. The boy tried to raise himself. An anguished breath shot through his teeth. Philip said, "Take it easy, son."

The shoulders gave way and the boy slumped down. "I—never wanted it—easy."

Then Philip Royce was alone in a blasted trench with the still shapes around him. Numbly he told himself, "I'm not disabled. I can go back. They'll send a new detail."

He was out of the trench when habit made him miss the bulge against his belt. He slid back into its blackness. He groped for his canteen. The boy's quiet hand was on it, and Philip seemed to hear the whispered voice again. "I—never wanted it—easy."

Crouched there, he heard a slow scraping in the darkness. He raised his head to the trench rim. His tired eyes sharpened on a moving shadow. Silently he bent among the sprawled figures in the trench. One man was left to fight for all of them. He found their grenades. When he raised his hand again there was a row of creeping shadows. He waited till the shadows came nearer. . . .

Next morning, when the ridge emplacement had been silenced, they found him alone in the shattered slit trench among the quiet figures of his men. Beyond the trench the pitted ground was strewn with other shapes. He had one grenade left. He almost hurled it at his relief before his tired mind told him. . . .

Philip Royce turned to the red-haired boy at the desk. "Like to take a walk? Let's go to the Inn for a sandwich."

The dark was cold and soft on their faces.

"Good to feel winter again," Philip said.

"Yes," the boy said. "Funny how things turn out, isn't it? I never supposed you were a prof—out there."

"I'm not, really. Only an instructor. I was just starting before the war. So I'm just starting now."

A group of boys shouldered past them. "Hi, Jim," one of them said.

Cassiday said, "That's my roommate, Tony Miller. He's been in Italy." He drew a long breath. "I always thought I'd be in college with my brother. Now

I've got to do everything twice as well, do it double."

"I remember, you did everything together."

"Nearly everything."

As they passed an arc light Philip lifted his coat sleeve. "Look. It's snowing."

The boy raised his face to the soft white falling. They walked a block in silence. "I just thought what we used to call it," Cassiday said finally.

"What?"

"Hunting weather."

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SPORTS

Short Shots

WHEN the ump bellows "St-r-r-ike three!" some batters fling their bat into the air to show their disgust. Most umpires hate these displays and often toss the bat-heaver out of the game.

Once, Wes Ferrell, a great pitcher who fancied himself as a hitter, was called out on strikes by umpire Bill Guthrie. Wes, with a roar of rage, flung his bat high into the air.

Guthrie watched the bat soar up end over end. "Mr. Ferrell," he grunted. "That's a real nice heave. But if that bat comes down, you're outta the ball game."

Strange things happen during time-outs at Georgetown University football games. The Georgetown trainer wheels out a queer object equipped with eleven masks. The players strap on the masks and go around making funny noises.

No, they're not crazy. The object is an oxygen tank. By inhaling pure oxygen, the players quickly lost that "tired feeling."



Who is the most popular girl in college today? That's an easy one to answer. She's the girl—the *only* girl—enrolled at the Colorado School of Mines. Total enrollment reads: 600 men; 1 woman.

If you still have my April 15th sports column—in which I predicted how the big league baseball clubs would finish in October—you'll see that I hit the nail right on the dome. I picked Boston and St. Louis. In the American League, I predicted Boston, Detroit, New York, and Washington would finish in that order. And I was 100 per cent right! (Who said, "For a change?")

Blindness doesn't always spell f-i-n-i-s-h to sports careers. Many sightless people are still getting a kick out of competing in sports.

Bob Anderson and John Trombley, of Los Angeles, can bowl with the best of 'em—and they're totally blind. How do they run to the foul line? Simple—the alley they bowl in has a little hand-rail along the runway. Bob and John hold the rail as they make their run.

Little Bobby Wetzel, of Reno, Nevada, was a ski star at the University of Nevada before the war. While serving Uncle Sam in Italy, he was blinded by a mine explosion. Bobby refused to give up skiing, and today is skiing better than ever. His brother, Jerry, calls the turns to him as they tear down the hills.

Charlie Boswell, a former University of Alabama star athlete, was also blinded in the war. But he is still playing top-notch golf. His cousin serves as caddy and seeing-eye.

Eight years ago, Bob Allman won 44 out of 58 wrestling matches for the University of Pennsylvania—despite the fact that he was totally blind.

Another wonderful blind golfer is

Captain Gerald Lowry, an Englishman. A caddy aims him toward the hole, places the club next to the ball, and tells him the distance. On putts, the caddy rattles a club in the hole to indicate the direction.

Stanley Schwartz, of Wade Junior High School, Bronx, N. Y., wants to know the greatest record ever made by a high school football team. My vote goes to the Ashland (Kentucky) High School "Tomcats." From 1925 to 1933, the Tomcats won 82 out of 89 games. Four games ended in ties. So they lost only three. What's more, they ran up a string of 35 straight victories. In 53 of their 82 victories, they shut out the losers!

As far as I know, the biggest score ever chalked up by a high school team was the 256-0 beating Haven High handed Sylvia High (both in Kansas) in 1929.

The greatest record ever made by an individual player belongs to Red Grange, the old University of Illinois "Galloping Ghost." Against Michigan in 1924, Red carried the ball just five times—and scored a touchdown each time! His runs covered 95, 67, 56, 45 and 15 yards.

Here's a little sports quiz for you fans. How many players make up an official team in each of these sports?

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| (a) Baseball _____ | (e) Softball _____ |
| (b) Football _____ | (f) Volleyball _____ |
| (c) Basketball _____ | (g) Ice Hockey _____ |
| (d) Soccer _____ | (h) Polo _____ |
| (i) Crew _____ | |

Here are the answers: (a) 9; (b) 11; (c) 5; (d) 11; (e) 9; (f) 6; (g) 6; (h) 4; (i) 8. Bet the one on softball fooled you. Up until this year, the game was played with 10 on a side. In 1946, the rule was changed to 9.

—HERMAN L. MASIN, Sports Editor

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ANGEL ON MY SHOULDER

(United Artists. Produced by Charles Rogers. Directed by Archie Mayo.)

In this ill-fated attempt at fantasy two really top-notch actors (Paul Muni and Claude Rains) are responsible for hamming up the script.

About five years ago we saw a film which we recollect with considerable affection. A few of you "old timers" may recall *Here Comes Mr. Jordan*, the story of a clean-cut young prize fighter who died before his time in a plane crash. When the prize fighter landed in heaven, he met Mr. Jordan, an enchanting fellow with superhuman powers (Claude Rains). Mr. J's job was to bring the prize fighter back to earth, find a new body for him, and aid him in some unfinished business. Claude Rains' whimsical performance of such celestial feats as walking through walls and sitting in on conversations unseen was a huge success.

Evidently United Artists has been pondering Mr. Rains' knack for the supernatural for five years and wanting to see him walk through a wall again! Good scripts being scanty these days, they must have asked themselves: Why not do *Here Comes Mr. Jordan* over again?

And here comes *Angel on My Shoulder*. It would seem, however, that the producers couldn't locate the scene designer who created the misty flats of heaven whereon Mr. J. walked. Nothing daunted, they've hired a new set designer and changed the locale. This time the drama takes place in hell. Mr. Rains, instead of being an agent of the upper strata, demonstrates his prowess as none other than Satan himself.

And just to keep the story in tune with the sets, the chap who meets an untimely death is a cheap gangster (Paul Muni). Mr. Muni finds himself in Satan's territory after he is shot in the head by a double-crossing buddy. Satan, seeing a kindred soul in gangster Muni, offers to take him back to earth, find him a body, and help him tend to unfinished business—this time the "devil's business."

Though Mr. Rains ignores walls as

blithely as ever, *Angel on My Shoulder* is completely lacking in the charm that made Mr. Jordan a success.

A good fantasy induces an audience to believe that the story, however improbable, might have happened. *Angel on My Shoulder* fails to do this.

Claude Rains' Satan is a little "too cute" for a really devilish fellow. Paul Muni (whom we respect for such roles as Louis Pasteur and Emile Zola) struggles manfully to be a thick-headed thug. Perhaps he just has a scholarly soul, for he's about as comfortable in this role as a lamb chop in duck soup.

MOVIE CHECKLIST

Drama: ✓Angel on My Shoulder. ✓✓Notorious. ✓✓Two Years Before the Mast. ✓✓The Killers. ✓✓Henry V. ✓✓Sister Kenny. ✓I've Always Loved You. ✓Black Beauty. ✓Cloak and Dagger.

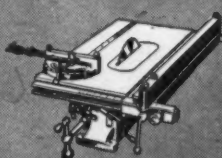
Comedy: ✓White Tie and Tails. ✓✓Monsieur Beaucaire. ✓✓Caesar and Cleopatra. ✓Notorious Gentleman.

Musical: ✓If I'm Lucky. ✓Holiday in Mexico. ✓Blue Skies. ✓The Time, The Place, and The Girl. ✓Thrill of Brazil.

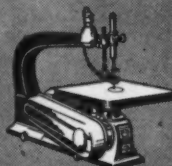
Mystery: ✓Crack-Up. ✓The Big Sleep.

Western: ✓Roll On, Texas Moon.

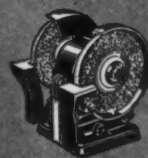
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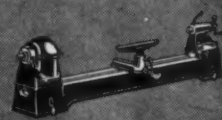
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Air Mail Rate Now 5c Per Ounce

EFFECTIVE October 1, the U. S. air mail postage rate was reduced from 8 cents per ounce to 5 cents, and a new air mail stamp was issued.

The Post Office Department lowered the rate in the hope that more people will use air mail. The new rate is only 2 cents more than the rate for a letter sent by regular mail.

As part of the publicity build-up for the lowered air-mail rate, Postmaster General Robert E. Hannegan arranged to unveil an enlargement of the stamp at the National Airport, Washington, D. C., on September 25.

The occasion also marked the first public appearance of the "Flying Post Office," a Trans-World Airlines cargo liner which is especially equipped for carrying mail. Like the mail cars on railroads, the "Flying Post Office" cancels and sorts the mail en route. The plane made stops at Tucson, Ariz., El Paso, Fort Worth, and Dallas, Texas; Little Rock, Ark.; Memphis and Nashville, Tenn.; Philadelphia, Pa.; New York, N. Y., and Boston, Mass.



United Air Lines

Stewardess Betty Scheiner of United Air Lines holds enlargement of the new 5-cent U. S. air mail stamp.

So What?

We were riding along happily in a street car the other day when two serious young college girls in front of us started talking about sports. One of them was against sports, particularly football.

"For instance," she said, "take Yale and Harvard. This year Yale beats Harvard. Very well. The next year Harvard beats Yale. See what I mean? It doesn't prove anything."

Forecast: Stormy, Colder!

Wife (who prides herself on her cooking-school experience) to husband: "Don't you think it looks like rain, John?"

Husband (disgustingly surveying the tureen): "It certainly does! But why not make it look like soup while you're at it?"

Proof Positive

Voiceways

"Are you positive the defendant was drunk?"

"No doubt," growled Officer Kelly. "I saw him put a penny in the patrol box on Fourth Street, look at the clock on the Post Office, then he roared 'Gosh, I've lost 14 pounds!'"

McCall Spirit

For Your Guidance

When Ordering Stamps

Scholastic Magazines accept stamp advertisements only from reliable and trustworthy stamp dealers. Our readers are advised to read an advertisement carefully before sending money for stamps. If the advertisement mentions the word "approvals," the stamp dealer will send you, in addition to any free stamps or stamps you pay for in advance, a selection of other stamps known as "approvals." Each of these "approval" stamps has a price clearly marked. If you keep any of the "approval" stamps you must pay for them and return the ones you do not wish to buy. If you do not intend to buy any of the "approval" stamps return them promptly, being careful to write your name and address in the upper left-hand corner of the envelope in which you return the stamps.

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What a treasure hunt! Big package 500 FOREIGN STAMPS—just as received from foreign missions, other sources. Includes stamps from Africa, South America, Philippines, Free French, Cape July, Palestine, etc., including air-mails, commemoratives, and stamps worth up to 50c and 75c. This amazing offer is given for 10c to serious approval applicants only. One to a customer, money back if not more than delighted.

JAMESTOWN STAMP CO., Dept. 12, Jamestown, New York

STAMPS—VALUED UP TO \$50 & 75¢ EACH



"STAMP FINDER"!

FREE!—VALUABLE STAMP FINDER! Send today for big new edition, fully illustrated, enabling you instantly to identify all difficult stamps and the countries they come from. Also fine pocket of fascinating stamps from Egypt, Newfoundland, Palestine, Cyprus, etc., including maps, stamps, strange scenes, etc. All FREE to approval applicants enclosing 3c postage. Illustrated bargain list included.

BARCELON STAMP COMPANY, Box 964, CALAIS, MAINE

POSITIVELY Greatest Offer —

Latest Scott's International \$5.00 Stamp Album—covering entire World, contains 38,000 illustrated, descriptive spaces; Scott's 1947 Standard \$5.00 Catalogue "Philately's Encyclopedia"—Given to applicants for Foreign Approvals becoming customers. PLYMOUTH, Dept. A 24, Bell, California

DIFFERENT
25 INDIA 3c
to approval applicants.
Premiums with purchases.
BRANDWEIN STAMP CO., Box 92R, Bayonne, N. J.

VICTORY PACKET FREE—Includes stamps from Tanagerika—British Cayman Islands—Animal—Scarce Baby-head—Coronation—Early Victorian—Airmail—Map Stamps—with Big Catalogue—all free—send 5c for postage. GRAY STAMP CO., Dept. 88, TORONTO, CANADA.



The Whole World

The blonde English chorus girl had made quite a hit in America. She was asked here, there, and everywhere, and one evening found herself at a literary supper-party.

With a blank smile she listened to a lot of talk about Aldous Huxley, Somerset Maugham, Bernard Shaw, and other British authors. Then someone mentioned H. G. Wells, and her face brightened.

"We don't think much of Wells over in England," she said, firmly.

"Whom do you mean 'we'?" asked one of the American guests.

The chorus girl looked at him sweetly. "Mother and I," she said.

The Kabigram

Eager Beaver

Two fishermen sitting on a bridge, their lines in the water, made a bet as to which would catch the first fish. One got a bite and got so excited that he fell off the bridge.

"Oh, well," said the other, "if you're going to dive for them, the bet's off!"

McCall Spirit

No Lie

"My topic today," said the professor, "is 'The Lie.' How many of you have read the twenty-fifth chapter of the text?"

Nearly all of the students raised their hands.

"Good! You are the group to whom I wish to speak," said the professor. "There is no twenty-fifth chapter."

Make an Effort

Bobby: "Mother, I wish you'd do my arithmetic."

Mother: "No, son, it wouldn't be right."

Bobby: "Well, maybe it wouldn't, but you could try."



This Week

Hey, Joe, what rhymes with "earth"?

Egg-scuse Me!

A short-sighted man lost his hat in a strong wind and chased it.

"What are you doing there?" asked a woman from a nearby cottage.

"Gettin' my hat," he replied.

"Your hat!" exclaimed the woman, "That's our black hen you're chasing."

Volcways

No Future

A small boy came home dejected from his first day at school.

"Ain't goin' tomorrow," he said.

"Why not, dear?" asked his mother.

"Well, I can't read 'n' I can't write 'n' they won't let me talk—so what's the use?"

Stop Pushing

A pretty little Wave, fresh out of recruit training and apparently well indoctrinated in the niceties of proper naval conduct, recently was observed tripping along a Great Lakes (Ill.) street. She knew all about saluting and was quite vigorous about it. She also knew that when passing an officer walking in the same direction as she, she should say: "By your leave, sir."

She drew abreast of one officer, turned saluted, and piped: "Leave me by, sir."

Magazine Digest

Chopsticks

"How did you like those Chinese back-scratchers I brought you?"

"Is that what they were? Chinese back-scratchers? My wife's been making me eat salad with them!"

Volcways

Censored

Seen on a sidewalk: A large heart outlined in chalk. Inside was written: "Bobby loves Betty."

Beneath it had been added: "This report is unconfirmed."

Cornet

Hopeless Task

A well-dressed man was shopping for a shirtwaist for his wife.

"What size and color, please?" the salesgirl asked.

"It doesn't matter," he answered. "Whatever size or color I get, I'll have to come back tomorrow and change it."

PM

Can't Fight Back

"Cup o' tea, weak," said a customer at a London coffee stall. When it was brought, he eyed it critically.

"Well, what's wrong with it? You said 'weak,' didn't you?"

"Weak, yes," was the reply, "but not 'elpless.'"

Volcways

YOUR SHOES ARE SHOWING!



EMBARRASSING, ISN'T IT?

YOU NEED **SHINOLA**

● If you care about the way you look to other people, the appearance of your shoes is something you can't overlook. And that's where Shinola comes in. In addition to improving your appearance, Shinola's scientific combination of oily waxes helps hold in and replenish the normal oils in leather—helps maintain flexibility, and that means longer wear. KEEP 'EM SHINING WITH SHINOLA.



GIRLS! HERE'S an EASY WAY to KEEP a CLEAR SMOOTH COMPLEXION

Just do this—wash your face night and morning with luxurious Cuticura Soap, then smooth on fragrant, creamy Cuticura Ointment. Recommended by many nurses. Buy at your neighborhood druggists. Buy today!



FRAGRANT-MILDLY MEDICATED

CUTICURA
SOAP & OINTMENT

\$85,000 IN AWARDS FOR BOYS



ROGER H. OETTING, 14-year-old student at Foch Intermediate School, Detroit, was intrigued by the Napoleonic coach. His interest and perseverance brought him the \$5,000 first award in the Junior Division.



LEO C. PEIFFER, 17, of Cedar Rapids, Ia., makes models as a hobby. It paid off with a \$5,000 scholarship, first award in the Napoleonic coach competition, Senior Division. He enters Iowa State College this Fall.



VIRGIL MAX EXNER, JR., 13 years old, of South Bend, is a racing car enthusiast. With his \$4,000 first award in the Junior model car competition, he will enter Notre Dame, studying engineering and industrial design.



ROBERT J. HARTLIEB, JR., 15, of Allentown, Pa., enrolled at 15 in the 1946 competitions. His model car scored so close to the Junior winner's that a tie was declared and an extra \$4,000 award was provided. Robert wants to be an engineer like his father.



VINCENT J. RAUTH, 19, son of a York, Nebraska farmer, walked off with the \$4,000 scholarship given as first award in the Senior Division of the model car competition. His hobby is aviation.



EUGENE SCHWIEZ, is 15 and the son of a St. Paul, Minn., postal employee. He won second award in the Junior Division of the Napoleonic coach competition — a \$3,000 scholarship to be used when he is ready for college.



WALTER EDWIN ROTH, JR., 18, Detroit, Mich., "likes to build models." Entering the Napoleonic coach competition, Senior Division, he won second honors — a \$3,000 scholarship to complete his course at Wayne University.



CHARLES CLAYTON BRADLEY, 14, goes to Central High School in South Bend, Ind. When he finishes high school, his second place award, Junior model car section, will provide \$2,000 for a mechanical engineer's education.



DAVID WAYNE WHITMAN, 18, of Jackson, Mich., plans to be an automobile designer. With a \$2,000 scholarship, second award in the Senior model car competition, he starts at the General Motors Institute in Flint, Mich., this Fall.

1,220 awards — university scholarships, \$2,000 to \$5,000 each, cash awards, trips — in the Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild 1947 model-building competitions

Here are 9 boys who are well started on the road of opportunity.

They are the major award winners in the 1946 Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild competitions — and each now has a scholarship, ranging in value from \$2,000 to \$5,000, to be used at the university of his choice.

Now, 1,220 awards, totaling \$85,000 in value, are offered to boys between the ages of 12 and 19, inclusive, in the 1947 competitions.

You compete for these awards by building a model Napoleonic coach to plans supplied free — or by designing and building a model car to simple specifications. Both are real fun.

Any boy 12 years old or over and not yet 20 on September 1, 1946 may enter either competition. Junior and Senior Divisions with identical awards let you compete with boys in your own age division. There are no dues or entrance fees, and awards include cash, all-expense trips to the Guild Convention, and 8 university scholarships worth \$2,000 to \$5,000 each. (Duplicate awards are given if sons of GM employees win.)

A distinguished board of judges, including deans or presidents of 10 leading technical schools and universities, makes the awards.

To enter, you simply write for free membership in the Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild. In return, you receive a membership card and a full set of plans and instructions, all free. Competitions close June 15, 1947.

Why shouldn't *you* win one of these awards? Mail the coupon NOW and get started.

FISHER BODY CRAFTSMAN'S GUILD

An educational foundation sponsored by
Fisher Body Division of General Motors

General Motors Bldg., Detroit 2, Michigan

Gentlemen: Please enroll me in the Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild for 1947, in the

- ☐ Napoleonic Coach Competition
☐ Model Car Design Competition
Send me full instructions without charge

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

I was born on the _____ day of _____ 19____

Name of parent or guardian _____

Dept. 4



MODEL CAR — You build a solid model, using only ordinary tools. Awards in each age division: Two \$4,000, two \$2,000 university scholarships; 588 cash state awards ranging down from \$100; 18 convention trips, all expenses paid.



NAPOLEONIC COACH — You receive complete plans and drawings, free of charge. Awards: Two \$5,000, two \$3,000 university scholarships; 588 cash state awards ranging down from \$125; 18 convention trips, all expenses paid. Junior and Senior awards are identical.

Per
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Teacher

EDITION

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
DEC 31 1946

Practical English

NOVEMBER 4, 1946

Teaching Aids for PRACTICAL ENGLISH

BASED ON MATERIALS IN THIS ISSUE

A Free Press (p. 9)

A One-Period Lesson Plan

AIMS

1. To recognize the part played by newspapers in the daily drama of our lives.
2. To understand our own position as responsible citizen-readers in relation to the press.
3. To discover why we select one paper in preference to another.
4. To evaluate the paper of our choice; an objective examination of: (a) set-up (how it gives you what you want); (b) special attractions (comics, features, etc.)

MATERIALS

Have each student bring in the newspaper most familiar to him. Consult the library if additional materials are necessary.

In previous issues we suggested building a clipping file, cited references, and presented lesson plans on certain features of the newspaper (Sept. 30, Oct. 21 and 28). The results of the suggested activities can now serve to bolster this summary of the subject.

SUGGESTED PROCEDURE

1. Tabulate the newspaper titles on the blackboard.
2. Then tack up three of the most popular papers.
3. Is there a high proportion of local news? How much is printed on the national and world-wide picture? Compare number of pages of news with advertising.
4. Do you read one particular page first in preference to any other feature, and only that one? (In other words, are you getting the full benefit from your newspaper?) With a red pencil mark pieces which are up for analysis and discussion.

EXPOSITION OF AIMS

1. You read the papers for information about people and the world you live in. The radio, although faster and more direct in its appeal, is hampered by time. Your favorite commentator can interpret only the highlights (or may take

some special personal angle and develop it.) From the press you get a steady flow of more facts, background, and opinions.

2. You should read the paper with a system. This means reading with your eyes and mind open and knowing what to look for. Be on the lookout for the true facts. When you read, ask questions. Why is this so? What should be done about it?

3. Why do you read one paper instead of another? It is partially from habit, partially from choice. Each student should discover his own answer from the activity of this lesson.

4. A quick review of the results of the September 30 activity (*Behind the By-Line*, September 30, page 2-T) will call forth considerable discussion. Retabulate conclusions on the board.

Through the facts listed on the board, or taken from the students' paper scores, a sound springboard can be built for the following general discussion.

TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Are the most popular papers doing a good job of giving us all the news?
2. Can you find examples of slanting? Is a particular paper's slanting of the news justified by the facts? (Does it serve the good of all?) Are its reports too strongly biased for a clear picture?
3. Would certain changes be helpful: (1) more foreign news; (2) more local events; (8) more sports; (4) comics; (5) more on the arts, etc.?
4. If you have certain favorite features or writers, why do you like their work more than that of others in the paper? Cite concrete examples already underscored.
5. From your reading of today's feature article: "A Free Press," what does a free press mean to students? How free is our press? What is the reader's responsibility to the paper?

ACTIVITY SUGGESTION

The following exercise will assist in rounding out the lesson. *Fact:* At four o'clock this morning, fire destroyed

COMING NEXT WEEK

November 11, 1946

Service with a Smile: Salesmanship which requires personal service.

Movies in the Making: First of a series on "How to Judge Movies"; how a movie is made.

Look Before You Buy!: Principles of better buymanship; comparative shopping.

Correctly Speaking: Common errors in pronunciation.

Letter Perfect: Announcement of winners in letter writing contest.

Quiz, Shop Talk, Slim Syntax, Boy dates Girl, movie reviews, sports, jokes, etc.

Mr. A. B. Jones' Main Street Market. Three firemen were seriously injured in the collapse of the building.

1. Write a headline for this story.
2. Write a lead sentence.
3. What are the important facts?
4. How might the story be treated?

Compare results with similar items in the paper.

Mail Call (pp. 5, 6)

In the September 23 issue our one-period lesson plan was on how to write a good business letter. A review of the aims and activity of that suggested lesson treatment will help the student in today's discussion.

DISCUSSION QUESTIONS

What are the requirements of a good business letter? What *tone* should be evident in letters of: (a) request for information; (b) placing an order; (c) reply?

Compare the letter Millie Purvis wrote with the one she should have written. What are the good points of the letter?

How should you reply when a refusal of a request is necessary?

Analyze the letter Joe's Radio and Electric Shop sent in answer to Mrs. Ross. Can you list the main points to cover in a good sales letter?

ACTIVITY SUGGESTIONS

Have the students put their conclusions to the test by having them write sample letters of their own.

Here are some suggestions to start them off (1) a request for money for a new radio-victrola for the school; (2) an answer to a list of questions about the football team; (3) one to a local industry about its product; (4) one to a store ordering an article; (5) a sales letter.

Confessions of a Secretary (p. 8)

The main purpose of a filing system is to make sure that one can locate quickly material in the files.

DISCUSSION QUESTIONS

What are some of the general rules for alphabetical filing? Why is this system most commonly used? What are its advantages?

How is the alphabet broken down into divisions? Contrast the different ways in which a letter may be filed. What is a cross reference?

ACTIVITY SUGGESTIONS

Investigate the filing system for listing books and pamphlets in the school library. Set up a simple system for the materials in your classroom.

Take any letter or pamphlet at hand and graph out on the board how it should be properly filed.

REFERENCES

"Filing as a Vocation," from *Occupations*, November, 1943.

"Preserving and Filing Clippings," from *Grade Teacher*, June, 1946.

Standard Handbook for Secretaries, McGraw-Hill, 1941, \$2.95.

Learn to Think Straight (p. 11)

For some weeks we have discussed the problem of straight thinking. Today one of the most important aspects of it is presented by the article.

ACTIVITY

Take the daily paper and have the students list all the words which are "loaded" with political meaning.

Compare their use in the sentences with the "technique for evaluation" suggested in the article. What conclusions do the students draw?

How does the use of "loaded" words color people's thinking?

Can students turn their critical faculty to the ads in the paper the same way?

Suggest to students that they write ads—one of each type—two ways; one in which they include all the most colorful and telling words, and again using simple and direct words.

REFERENCE

The Art of Plain Talk, by Rudolph Flesch. Harper, 1946, \$2.50.

Answers to "Who? Which? What?" (p. 12)

Mail Call: (Any student answers similar to the following should be considered correct.) 1—"Gentlemen: I should like to order the bicycle which you described to me in your letter of October 28." 2—"I would appreciate your sending me your booklet on civics (*name or number of booklet*). My civics teacher suggested it would be helpful in my school work." 3—"I shall look forward to hearing from you." 4—"To collect the information you requested will require several days, but you will hear from us as soon as possible." 5—"I have no authority to send you these reports, but if you will tell us what use you intend to make of them, I shall be glad to ask permission to let you have them." 6—"We also have a lower-priced refrigerator, with only three shelves, but we believe you would prefer the larger and roomier one."

A Free Press: 1—individuals or groups of individuals. 2—libel. 3—editors and writers. 4—publishers and editors of the various papers.

Learn—To Think Straight: 1 and 2 are both *incorrect*. They are examples of bad reasoning and each conclusion is a false generalization.

English in Reverse: 1—legal, 2—immodest, 3—irresponsible, 4—insincere, 5—informal, 6—unaccustomed.

Off the Press

New Publications of Interest to Teachers

Sun Yat-sen, by Nina Brown Baker. Vanguard, 1946, \$2.50.

This story of the founder of the Chinese Republic will be welcomed by all admirers of Miss Baker's biographies. Here again is the easy, familiar style, the simply turned anecdote. That the prose is undistinguished detracts nothing from her subject, and students will find the career of Sun Yat-sen a fascinating chronicle. As he is one of the great men of history, this pleasant, sincere, and truthful portrait of China's George Washington is recommended background reading for all students. The teacher will find the three pages of source materials an aid to further research on the subject.

Tiger At City High, by Joseph Col-lomb. Harcourt Brace, 1946, \$2.00.

Mike Selden, a self-centered lad, bright beyond his years and firm in his preference for methods of jungle law, is sent by a worried parent to tangle with the students of a large city high school. Mike's admiration for ruthless politics, violence, and his predilection for "throwing his weight around" quite naturally are put to the test. His adventures and their outcome make this a lively and contemporary boy's book. The formative prejudices of youth are deftly handled by this prolific and successful author. The moral is logically drawn, the whole written at a tempo which will surely appeal to young readers.

Our Enemy the State, by Albert Jay Nock. Caxton, 1946, \$2.50.

When H. L. Mencken headed the *American Mercury*, Dr. Nock wrote the department "State of the Nation" and has through a long career as a writer of books political, economic, and social earned for himself a reputation for opinions which are shrewdly perceptive, forthright and sincere. His point of view is always that of the Jeffersonian liberal, fearful of the encroachments of "big government" on the rights of the individual. This second edition, published posthumously, is an exact duplication of the first, which in 1935 was praised for "its literary merit rather than its philosophic content."

Outdoor Sketching, by Ernest W. Watson. Watson-Cuptill Publications, 330 W. 42nd St., New York. 1946, \$6.00.

Where the school's budget for art de-

partment books is sufficient we highly recommend this practical "how-to-do-it" book by a former art editor of *Scholastic Magazines*. All the diagrams, sketches and demonstrations are lucid, the reproductions of examples in many mediums unusually fine. For those who sketch, the book is an inspiration, and for all who would, the challenge is a fascinating one which the author has placed well within the grasp of his readers. There is nothing bogus or contrived, affected or "arty" in Mr. Watson's approach.

Two Worlds, by William B. Ziff. Harper, 1946, \$3.00.

William B. Ziff, publisher and writer, presents his opinions on a possible reconciliation of present international power conflicts. The "two worlds" are regional spheres of influence which approximately halve the globe, led respectively by the United States and the U.S.S.R. He believes this to be the logical outcome of the relative balance among nations as it now exists, and less

likely to explode into war than the efforts at international cooperation so far advanced.

Much of his material is outdated and more must become so as the evolving forces in the world make new patterns from week to week. But his book is well worth the purchase price for its clear presentation of political attitudes as they appear in different countries. (See his treatment of factional influences which modify the expression of Communism in Latin America; his objective illustrations of beneficent as well as "reactionary" capitalism.)

Whether one agrees with his conclusions or not; whether one distrusts, as he does, the formation of any world government at the present time, his crisp ordering of factual materials should provoke more precise thinking in every reader.

Forever Growing, by Paul Green. University of North Carolina Press, 1946, \$1.50.

These notes on a credo for teachers by an American dramatist, and a teacher himself, set down a philosophy of "what teaching means to me" on a purely personal level. *Theatre Arts Magazine* characterizes the volume as "a series of thoughtful and positive little essays." They are worthy of examination.

INVITATION TO A PARTY

If you plan to attend the convention of the National Council of Teachers of English at Atlantic City this year . . .

and are a subscriber to *Senior Scholastic*, *Junior Scholastic*, *World Week*, *Practical English*, or *Prep* magazines in classroom quantities . . .

You are cordially invited to a party, including buffet supper, at the Hotel Claridge on November 28 as a guest of Scholastic Magazines.

Maurice R. Robinson, Publisher, will be host at the party, which will begin at 5:30 p. m. and end before the evening session begins. Return the coupon below, and we will send you a Guest Card.

Please send me a Guest Card for the Scholastic party

NAME _____

SCHOOL _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

MAGAZINE USED _____

Send this coupon to: Mr. C. R. Shuford

Scholastic Magazines 220 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

How much does it cost to produce a Magazine?

AS OUR subscribers know, we were reluctantly compelled to raise the subscription prices for *Scholastic Magazines* this year. We have received a number of letters about the increase. The letters have been reasonable, and the writers were all aware that costs had been mounting rapidly. We've answered the letters. Perhaps some of our other teacher-subscribers would like the answers too. We are publishing this information for them.

Question: How much have the subscription prices of *Scholastic Magazines* been increased?

Answer: Ten cents per subscription per semester for quantity classroom orders. This amounts to 5/8ths of 1c per copy.

Q: How do present subscription prices compare with past rates — especially with pre-war prices?

A: Fifteen years ago *Senior Scholastic* sold for 6-2/3rds cents per copy. The present price is 4-11/16ths cents per copy for the Combination Edition; 3-3/4c per copy for the English or the Social Studies Edition. In 1933 the magazine was changed from a fortnightly to a weekly. Subscription prices were then set at 50c for English and Social Studies editions, and 65c for the Combined Edition per semester. No change in those prices took effect until September, 1946.

Junior Scholastic was established in 1937 at a price of 40c per semester. Rapid increases in circulation permitted a temporary decrease in the rate, and the present price is only 5c per semester above that charged in 1937. *World Week* was priced at 40c per semester in 1942 when it was established. It is now 50c per semester. *Practical English* and *Prep* were established in 1946 at present prices of 60c and 75c respectively per semester.

Q: You say increased costs have necessitated increased prices; how much have your costs increased?

A: Let's take the biggest items in the costs of a publishing business: Paper prices have increased more than 100 per cent since 1936. Seventy per cent of that increase has taken place since March, 1943. The increased cost of paper alone amounts to an average of 5c (per subscription per semester) of our 10c price increase.

Printing prices have increased

about 55 per cent since 1941. Mailing and wrapping costs have more than doubled in the past 10 years. Editorial costs — including salaries, art work, photographs, and engraving have increased over 50 per cent.

Q: What have other magazines done about increased subscription prices?

A: Almost all newspapers, and a large majority of magazines, have increased their prices since 1942. Magazines like *Satevepost* have doubled their prices; *Ladies Home Journal* and some other women's magazines have increased from 10c to 25c per copy. *Time* increased from 15c to 20c per copy. *Time's* increase per copy is 5c. No *Scholastic* magazine sells for as much as 5c per copy. No periodical can absorb the increased costs and maintain the same rates, without lessening the quality of its product or services, unless the price charged before the war was excessive, or unless a substantial increase in advertising revenue is obtained.

Q: Has *Scholastic* passed on to the subscriber all its increased costs?

A: No. Increased volume has absorbed part of the increase, and higher advertising rates make up part of the balance. As noted above, half of our increased price is for paper alone.

* * *

The fact that *Scholastic Magazines* are purchased by young people has always prompted us to keep the prices of our magazines at a minimum. We have always maintained that the best is none too good for any educational job. The quality of educational reading matter must not be stinted. It must compete with "comics" and similar printed matter for which children readily find the money at prices of 10c and 15c per copy. We believe that it would hasten the day when the public pays proper tribute to the teaching profession if educators everywhere would demand the best materials available and not be satisfied with a less satisfactory product simply because it is cheap.

We have chosen to maintain the quality and the quantity of the editorial content of *Scholastic Magazines*. We hope and believe that our teacher-subscribers will continue to support that decision as enthusiastically as they have done this fall. Their confidence is reflected in a greater demand than ever before for *Scholastic* magazines.

MAURICE R. ROBINSON, Publisher

News and NOTES

A Summary of Noteworthy Pamphlets from the Summer's Press

We again call your attention to the vital service offered by the United States Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D. C. The Superintendent of Documents issues semi-monthly a selected list of materials at surprisingly low cost. Many teachers have subscribed to this free service for years. To those who have not availed themselves of it, we recommend adding their names to the mailing lists this fall semester. For those, in the press of a new school term, who have not been free to examine the latest lists, the following pertinent ones have been selected.

Cooperatives (Labor Statistics Bureau) Bulletin 843, 22 p. il. 10c.

With cooperative development growing in many communities, this will assist in describing certain trends, activities, and developments in various types of cooperative associations.

Furniture (Commerce Dept. Committee on Wood Utilization) Catalog No. C 1.14:F98, 10c.

This is not a recent publication, but the chapters on utility and care, repair, construction and style of furniture will find a place on the library table in this day of material shortages.

Highway Safety Conference (Public Roads Administration) Catalog No. FW 2.18:Ac 2/946 and Ac 8/946-2 10c each.

Official recommendations on laws, ordinances, engineering, and traffic accident problems. With new cars still in the future, and the motor vehicle problem facing every community, this is worthy of attention. These pamphlets are two of a series.

Far East (Education Office, Bulletin No. 7) Catalog No. FS 5.3:945/7, 15c.

The texts of addresses by personalities in public life to the people of many Asiatic countries will be welcome background material for current social studies curricula. Grew, Taylor, Romulo, Kennedy, are among those represented.

The Pan American Union, Washington 6, D. C. has recently issued a bibliography of publications and other materials in English now obtainable through the Union. Periodicals, illustrated booklets, conference resumes, travel, labor and social information, and even music publications are now available.

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